

Children's Newspaper, September 15, 1934

What Are You Doing For Peace?  
Why Not Send a Child the C.N.?  
*See back page*

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow.*

Number 808

Week Ending  
SEPTEMBER 15, 1934

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere  
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

## MINISTER FOR GOOD THINGS

See  
Page  
Six

### OUR FRIEND THE WASP

CHARMING WHEN YOU KNOW HIM

He Taught Us Paper-Making and Destroys Our Enemies

PAY HIM WITH A LITTLE FRUIT

We have greatly misunderstood the wasp, according to several stout defenders of what one of them calls this member of the highest order in insects.

The common wasp is the social wasp of the genus *Vespa*, of which Britain knows seven species. It is the females only who sting. The males, as with spiders, are smaller than the females. Unlike their cousins—the bees—their colonies do not hibernate when winter comes. All the members of each wasp colony perish, except a solitary female who by herself lays the foundation of a new colony next year.

#### The Canon and His Visitors

Somebody has been pointing out, as we have already announced, that the wasp, which taught men how to make wood-pulp into paper, is among the farmer's best insect friends. It is a persistent enemy of many noxious insects, particularly of the Daddy-Long-Legs, whose grub, the leather-jacket, spends three diligent years in devouring the roots of grasses.

Bees feed their young on floral products; wasps theirs on harmful insects, though in later weeks they develop a rare and greedy taste for our choicest fruits, usually the damaged and the over-ripe. They sting too! Of course they do; but it is usually panicky people they sting.

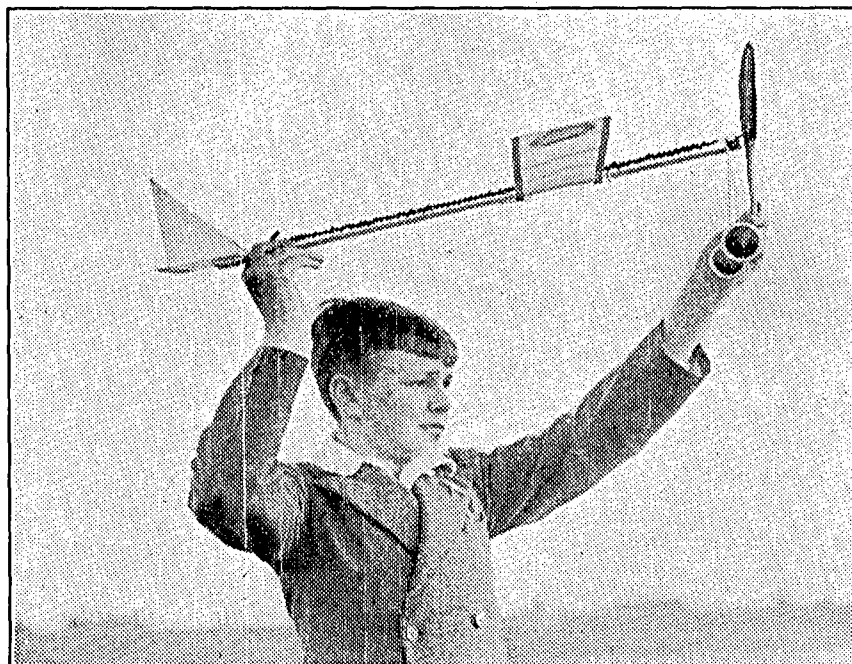
A fortnight ago Canon M'Gonigle was gathering blackcurrants, a good crop, and his companions were numerous wasps. His outlook was jam; theirs was food. Many of them crawled harmlessly over his bare hands, and the canon and his insect visitors parted without ill-feeling on either side.

#### A Lyric in Prose

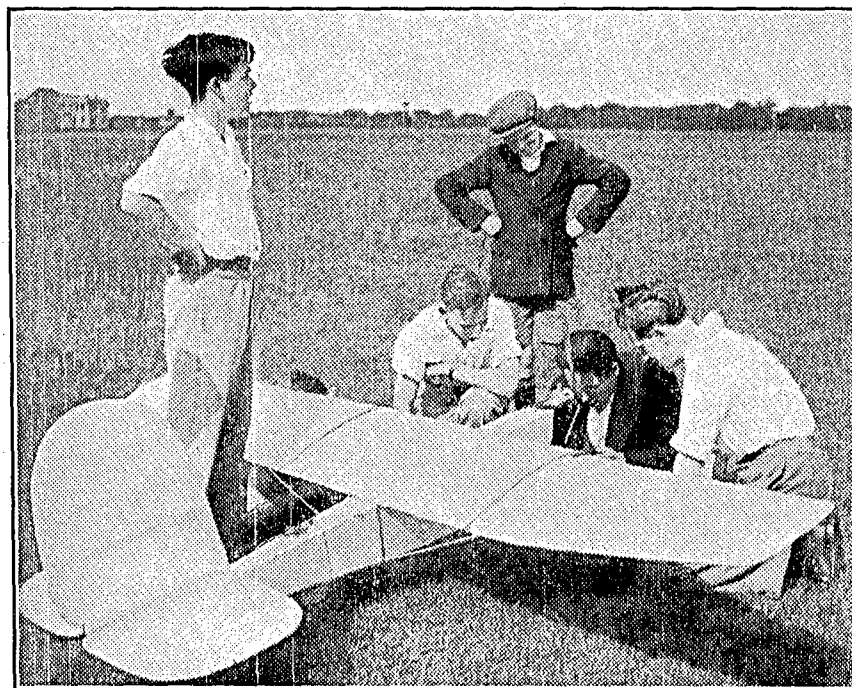
Another wasp-lover, Mr Crawshaw, becomes lyrical on the subject. "Come into the garden," he says, "all who would kill their queens—when the black bat night has flown, in those early days of spring with its capricious elements, when the Earth is waking from winter sleep and the vegetable kingdom is coming into leaf and flower once more, and watch perhaps the only insect in the shape of a queen wasp, at most accompanied by the bumble bee, actively at work in fertilising the gooseberry. When later her workers emerge, there also emerge immense hosts of insect pests, and on these the wasps prey."

And so, we are assured, we ought gladly to see our friend the wasp glutting himself on over-ripe fruit, for is not a wasp year also a fruit year?

### Model Planes Big and Small



A young member of a model aeroplane club at Littlehampton with his rubber-power machine



A big model, driven by a petrol engine, at an aerodrome near London

### THE TWO LOVERS OF BROWN CANDOVER

To the Editor of the C.N.

Dear Mr Editor. A friend and I have been spending many happy holiday hours in Hampshire, enjoying all its natural charm and often peeping into its village churches.

One day it chanced that we came to the little village of Brown Candover, three or four miles from the great Roman road between Winchester and Basingstoke, and seeing its 19th-century church not far from the road we went to look inside, for we had heard that this church possessed (as almost its only treasure) an unusual and very charming Elizabethan brass with portraits of an old couple who died long ago.

We found the brass, Mr Editor, like

none we had ever seen before, for it shows these two old folk, like lovers arm-in-arm, with a lily set between them as the symbol of their affection; but we were appalled to find it in a most disgraceful state, black and green with decay so that it is hard to see at all.

Worse still, the brass has below it an equally black inscription saying that the picture of the two old people was placed here in 1889 "for preservation on account of its extreme interest."

We are sure that if the C.N. calls attention to this sorry state of affairs there will be in Brown Candover some lover of age and beauty ready to spend an hour or two in putting things right.

Two Wanderers in Hampshire

### AMERICA'S CUP AND ENGLAND'S GALLANT ENDEAVOUR

The Splendid Yacht Carrying On a High Tradition

#### CHASING THE RAINBOW

Soon the Endeavour will be chasing the Rainbow in the hope of bringing back the America's Cup.

We may hope that the chase will be the other way, and that the American yacht will follow on the heels of Mr Sopwith's gallant Endeavour, so that after an absence of more than eighty years the ashes of British yachting may return to the Solent from which they were taken.

Because English yachtsmen have tried so hard, and had so many disappointments in the last fifty years, the prize seems better worth winning than the many international Cups which signify triumph in sports and games. Every man, woman, boy, and girl who remembers Sir Thomas Lipton's efforts to "lift the Cup" would be glad to see Mr Sopwith succeed.

#### Mr Sopwith's Chance

He has a better chance than some before him who have tried, for they were handicapped by the rather baffling conditions imposed by the terms of the Deed of Gift of the holders, the New York Yacht Club. These conditions have been much modified so as to handicap less a challenging yacht.

For example, the handicap of having to make an ocean voyage before entering on a contest in land-locked waters is less than it was, and less than it is sometimes supposed to be. But there are still some handicaps to prevent the race from being a contest decided only by the skill of the yacht designer and by the handling of the yacht.

#### The First Race

The first is that the Rainbow, the chosen American representative, has the advantage of long trials in the waters where the race will be sailed. She is one of several possible candidates. The English yacht is a single competitor sailing under conditions of wind and current which she has to learn in a very short time.

But the crew of the Endeavour, trained to the last man and to the last stitch to wring the best out of the least puff of wind, have been long together, and are drilled to complete efficiency. If their boat wins it will be a triumph for yachting skill as much as for design.

The winner is the yacht that wins four races out of seven, and the first race has been arranged to take place this Saturday, providing the weather is favourable.

England has won international contests before when the chances seemed less hopeful. She may win this time.

Picture on page 7



## MARVEL OF THE MOVING ATOMS

### HOW IT MATTERS TO US EVERY DAY

#### The X-Ray and the Wonderful Crystal Structure of Matter

#### WHEN TOMMY PULLS HIS CATAPULT

So useful has the new science of crystal analysis with X-rays become that special facilities have been provided at the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington for dealing with all kinds of everyday problems in the factory and elsewhere.

Nature has provided almost every substance with a wonderful crystal structure in which the atoms are arranged in marvellous order. The new X-ray photography makes it possible for the scientist to discover the innermost secrets of a substance, and so to help the chemist and the manufacturer in an entirely new way.

#### X-Ray Photography

It can tell what is the best setting of jewels for the pivot mountings in a watch; the reason why of two paints, apparently identical in composition, one stands the weather well and the other does not; the reason why some steels lose their magnetism more quickly than others. It can tell in an instant whether a pearl is real or cultured, or when india-rubber has been properly vulcanised. In fact, these tiny invisible X-rays, many thousands of times shorter in wavelength than the rays of light we see, can search into the very heart of matter and reveal secrets about it that were never before understood by Man.

A tiny tube of glass or celluloid is filled with a material, and upon it is directed a narrow beam of X-rays of as nearly as possible a single wavelength. Around the tube is arranged a photographic film in a light-tight box.

#### Importance in Engineering

As Sir William Bragg has shown us, a crystal is formed by the continued repetition of a small unit pattern, in which the atoms are arranged in some regular formation like a group of soldiers at drill. Each such arrangement registers a perfectly separate and characteristic pattern on the sensitive film after exposure to the X-rays. The rays are reflected from the planes of atoms and focused as lines or patterns on the surface of the film.

Every different substance and type of substance gives a different pattern, and a new kind of chemical analysis has been brought about which is having the most important consequences in engineering.

While the chemist must usually destroy an unknown substance in order to analyse it, with the X-rays one can make a crystal pattern photograph without touching it or removing it from some difficult position. Thus the "scale" formed on the inside of boiler tubes has been analysed without removing the tubes even from the boiler!

#### Different Patterns

A metal such as copper or aluminium in the process of manufacture may be drawn or rolled; or a special steel may be put through some kind of heat treatment, or have a trace more carbon or graphite or tungsten added to it. All such chemical and factory treatments can be detected by X-ray photography.

A springy steel has a different crystal pattern from that of an untempered, soft steel; the different arrangement of the atoms in the steel crystals will at once be revealed in a crystal pattern photograph. A boy pulls the string of his catapult, and the atoms immediately become differently arranged! Even the reason for permanent waving in a woman's hair has now been revealed. The hairdresser is merely rearranging the planes of atoms in the hair.

## TRYING TO SLEEP IN LONDON

### A Night in the Silent Zone

The anti-noise campaign has certainly done good work in England, and already we feel the effects of the zone of silence. For one thing we can hear the Zoo lions roar at dawn much more clearly than we did.

People who want to sleep do not wish to hear any noise at all—just that muffled night murmur which means London. But people who are in for a sleepless night may feel differently. About two in the morning, being by then beyond all hope of sleep, they are beginning to get really bored and might like to hear a little life now and again.

#### Near Regent's Park

A friend of the C.N. had a sleepless night in a house near Regent's Park, and she listened in vain for any sound that might cheer her up by giving her some detective work to do. If only a few cars would go round that corner with a bad grinding scrunch and a coarse horn the picture of the car and the driver could be constructed. So might the whole life and career of a late passer-by.

There was one heavy-footed, dragging walker who went by her window talking to himself about half-past two. In the dead silence she heard him say angrily: "And I shall just tell her what I think." That cheered up the sleepless one considerably. Out of the foot of Hercules she shaped a beautiful statue.

Then the hours palled again. She thought longingly of riverside London where you hear the barges and Big Ben talking together. She wondered how soon market carts would come pattering back from Covent Garden. Nothing happened. A policeman went by on rubber soles, and stopped so long just at her door that she began to get nervous wondering what she had done and if she was going to be hanged at dawn.

#### When the Lions Awoke

Then suddenly, in the dead silence, empty of all hoots and horns, the lions awoke and began to roar, and she felt a little more comfortable. She was no longer alone. The lions were there just round the corner. Long before the first gleams crept into the sky that hoarse eerie thunder rolled up out of the park, stopped and began again.

Some other and very weird noises, cries, and barks joined with the lions roar, saluting the coming day. Always a lover of the Zoo, the C.N. friend feels that from now onward she will bear the Zoo a greater love, for while she was counting lions and tigers (and was that a hyena?) she fell asleep.

## ON THE TOP SHELF

### The Treasure in the Dust

From the top shelf of the library of Ferrara in Italy some books have come down in the world to find themselves famous.

They had been gathering the dust of centuries since the library was founded 200 years ago, while Italy was still merely a collection of States, some of them ruled by foreigners. But some of the printed books were then already 200 years old, and some of the manuscripts older.

It was only a year ago, when the anniversary of the poet Ariosto was being celebrated in Ferrara, that funds were afforded for cataloguing the library.

When the catalogue reached the top shelves it found first editions of Ariosto, printed before 1500. There were 101 books and manuscripts treating of Savonarola, who burned many in his time, and 2350 rare old prints.

It is believed that when the dust has all been cleared away further treasures will come to light, and the result is a lesson to all booklovers not to treat their top shelves as lumber-rooms.

## MORE RECRUITS FOR THE LABOUR CAMPS

### Drastic Redistribution of Work in Germany

Germany has issued a decree which will have the effect of bringing under the stricter control of the State unmarried men under 25.

The stated purpose of this decree is to find work for unemployed married men who have large families to support. It will not apply to agriculture, forestry, domestic service, shipping, or aviation, but the leaders in every other form of employment have to send a return to the labour exchanges showing the numbers they employ aged over and under 25.

All unmarried men under this age who have been through labour camps or who have had training in the army or auxiliary bodies will be allowed to keep their posts, but it will be a very difficult thing for an employer to retain the rest; he will have to prove that their skill and knowledge are essential to his business.

#### Youth To Be Disciplined

The young men thus thrown out of employment are not to be left drifting aimlessly about. The labour exchanges, in cooperation with their former employers, have to find new places for them in agriculture, domestic service, or in the Labour Corps. It is anticipated that the Labour Corps will increase greatly in numbers, and it is possible that the idea at the bottom of this new decree is to force young men into labour camps where they can undergo a thorough course of physical training.

It is a creed of the National Socialist State that all its youth should be subject to a discipline similar to that in the armed forces of the State.

## CATERPILLAR IN THE POST

### How a Bishop Lost an Insect

Dr Whittingham, Bishop of Ipswich, has suffered the loss of a caterpillar through the post. The caterpillar fared worse, for it lost its life.

The bishop, known to many as a lifelong and ardent entomologist, receives from his friends from time to time insects which they believe unusual. One of them sent a caterpillar which she believed to be the larva of a rare species.

It arrived at Dr Whittingham's address as a small stain on some dry rose-leaves in a flattened cardboard box. The Post, having committed this outrage, proceeded to add insult to injury by telling the bishop that the unhappy insect ought not to have been sent.

On behalf of the Assistant Controller it was stated that only bees and leeches might be sent by post, except by permission of the Postmaster-General. The only explanation offered of the caterpillar's slaughter was that the box had been observed in a damaged condition during transit, and the Returned Letter Office had found the dead insect. The Post Office's verdict seemed to be that it served the creature right.

We need not enter into the question of the Assistant Controller's natural history, though it reminds us of John Leech's porter in Punch, who remarked that cats was cats and dogs was dogs, but this tortoise was an insect.

But it does seem fair to remark that, while the G.P.O. is spending so much energy in explaining to everybody how good it is, a little of it might be diverted to the revision of its regulations.

#### Pronunciations in This Paper

Ajaccio . . . . .	A-yah-cho
Mafia . . . . .	Mah-fee-ah
Ogowe . . . . .	O-go-way
Pymont . . . . .	Per-mont
Sagittarius . . . . .	Saj-e-tay-re-us
Trilobite . . . . .	Try-lo-bite

## THE WORM TURNS

### How a Village Stopped the Road Hogs

#### A MASS OF RESISTANCE

God helps those who help themselves, said the inhabitants of Cachan, a village lying on the Paris-Orleans motor route.

Within two years 28 of their numbers had been killed and 39 seriously injured by madly-rushing cars which the local police seemed unable to cope with, and they thought the time had come to do something for their own protection.

So it happened the other day that as motorists approached Cachan they found the road completely blocked by the inhabitants, who sat on the ground in a body and refused to budge.

It would have needed more callousness than even a road hog can muster to drive straight at a human wall that will not give way. And so those motorists had to stand and listen for a full hour while the worm that had turned told them what it thought of them.

It is to be hoped that, after their anger had subsided, they realised the advisability of mending their ways. After all, where would they be if other villages decided to copy the example set by the villagers of Cachan?

## OLD MAN NOBODY KNEW

### A Tale From a Circus

A circus was in full swing in a field near the River Avon in Bath.

The show went merrily, but in a tent outside the ring an old groom who was harnessing the piebald ponies suddenly collapsed and was taken in a car to the hospital, where he passed away.

He had only been with this particular circus for a few weeks, but for half a century he had lived and worked in circuses, joining first as a little boy of ten. Very little was known of him, and all the efforts to trace his relatives failed.

Just this was known—that his name was Frank Horne, his age sixty, and that he loved the horses in his charge, especially one called Hans. This horse was chosen as his chief mourner to follow his coffin to the grave. But there were those who thought about him tenderly and with kindness.

An elderly lady brought flowers for his grave. The manager of a mews offered to send horse carriages free to take the circus staff to the funeral. Horses, and not motors, were chosen because of Frank Horne's great love for them. His last act was in the discharge of his duty to them and to his employer. He cared for them to the end.

## GENERAL EVA BOOTH

### Head of the Salvation Army

Miss Eva Booth, the daughter of the founder of the Salvation Army, has been elected General.

For 30 years she has been the National Commander in America, whose citizen she is. She is inheritor of her father's inspiring oratory and is also an accomplished musician and writer. All her life she has been an enthusiastic worker for the poorest, and her simple and direct methods of appeal win thousands to a better life.

Her election proves how international is the character of the Salvation Army.

## THINGS SAID

Some of the worst people turn out the best. A Nottingham Probation Officer

Many English country villages are vile little slums. Mr A. Conley

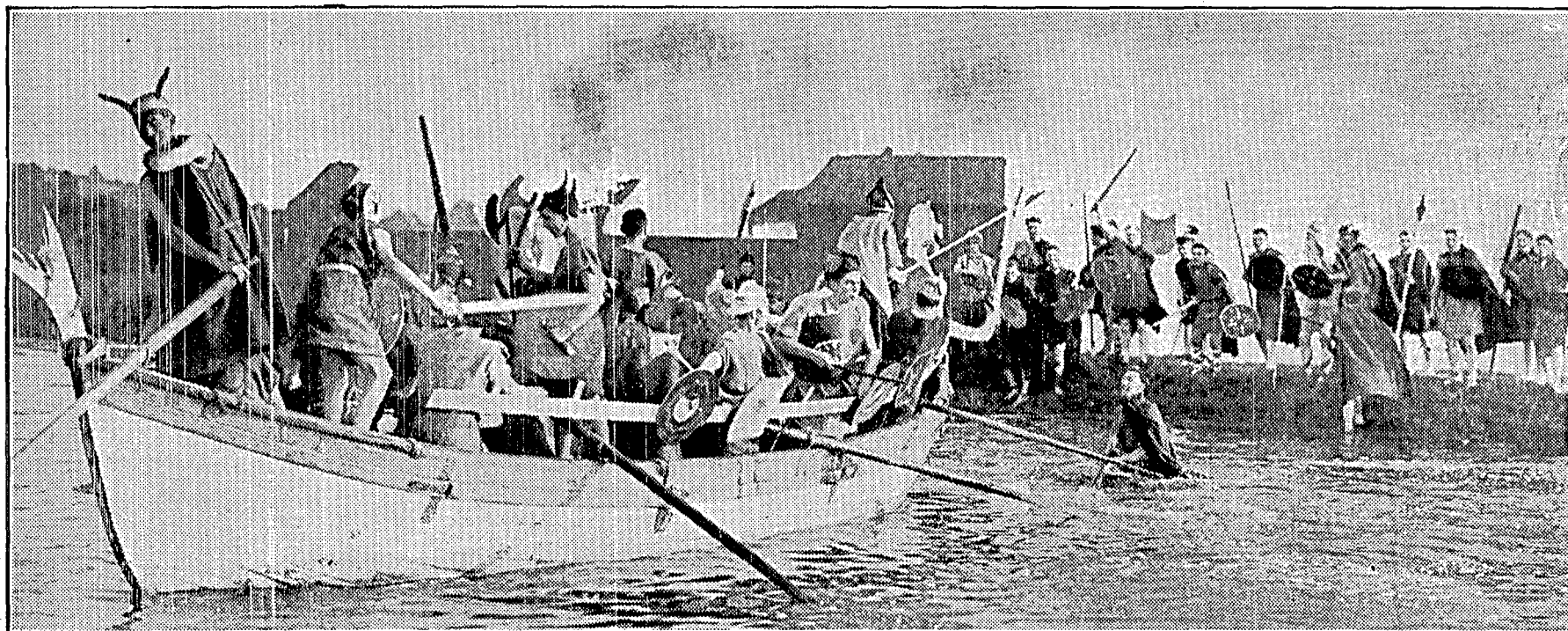
It was a prolonged act of devotion which immortalised the village of Eyam. Provost Jarvis of Sheffield Cathedral

I have just come back from one of the Derbyshire dales, and never have I been so nearly driven mad by noise.

E. R. Thompson



# DANES AND SAXONS · GREAT BOOKS FILMED · HOT-AIR BALLOON



A Water Pageant—Barnstaple revived a thousand-year-old page from England's story when Danish raiders attacked a Saxon stronghold during a regatta on the River Taw.



Filming Lorna Doone—The actor who plays the part of John Ridd in the film of R. D. Blackmore's novel which is being made on Exmoor.



Hopping—A picture from the Kent hop-fields where thousands of Londoners spend a working holiday.



Admiration—This javelin-thrower, a member of the London Olympiades, has a young onlooker while she is practising.



Little Nell—The Old Curiosity Shop is another great book that is being filmed in England. Elaine Benson, who is 14, is Little Nell.



Camping in Wales—A mountain torrent provides the water for a Scout camp.



Hot-Air Balloon—The heating apparatus of the balloon in which the inventor rose 2500 feet near Berlin, as described last week.



## THE WHEAT FOLLY SHALL WE PLAN SCARCITY?

The Idea of Making the World  
Richer by Reducing Its Food  
**TRIFLING WITH NATURE**

The drought of 1934, with all its serious consequences, has not rid us of the danger of artificial scarcity.

Still an International Wheat Committee, basing itself on a supposed need to make wheat dearer by cutting down market supplies, favours the idea, at once amusing and tragic, of making the world wealthier by reducing its food.

The President of the London Corn Trade Association, Mr Herbert Robson, enters a timely protest against the policy of induced scarcity.

As recently as 1925, he reminds us, anxiety as to the rise in the price of bread was one of the main reasons for the formation of the Food Council, and the British Government made an inquiry as to the cause of high prices.

The cereal crops harvested in the United States and Canada in the summer and autumn of 1933 were poor. Drought has caused disaster of the first magnitude to all cereal crops in America, and those of Canada have also suffered severely. In the United States and Canada there has been a total shortage of all cereal crops of some 90 million tons.

### Prospect of Dear Wheat

Then the hay crops of the United States and Canada are probably the worst ever harvested. In Europe the wheat crops as a whole are far below those of last year, the barley and rye crops are very poor, and the potato crop will be moderate. The French wheat crop is down 15 per cent.

The Argentine and Australian wheat crops have three critical months to go through before harvest. It is possible that the Australian crop may deteriorate and that the Argentine crop may be moderate or poor. If either of these things happens we may see dear wheat.

Moreover, the shortage of feeding-stuffs for animals will make serious demands upon foodstuffs for mankind.

We cannot trifle with natural forces. We cannot know what a harvest will bring forth. Deliberately to prepare shortage, to cut down food supplies by plan, is a policy which might easily cause widespread disaster.

## WIDER THAN REGENT STREET

### The Cunarder's Rival

Our happily saved Cunarder, still only named by a number, 534, has a gigantic rival in the French Normandie, soon to make her maiden voyage.

She is expected to cross the Atlantic at a speed of 28 knots in just four days, and to be able to maintain this speed even in the worst weather.

The Normandie is 1029 feet long, while her height from keel to navigating bridge is 128 feet. While Regent Street is 86 feet across from building to building, the Normandie is 119 feet wide! Her three funnels are so big that the front of the Mansion House, turned on end, could pass down any of them.

A crew of 1339 will be needed to work this monster of the deep, of whom 986 form the victualling staff and only 353 the crew proper.

### AIR AND LAND

It is too often forgotten that every air service demands a special land service.

Just as a bird cannot live in the air, so an aeroplane cannot travel without land support. Already the transport service done by aeroplanes has made it necessary to provide a special Customs service to prevent the smuggling of small but highly-valued dutiable articles.

## ONE MORE BANDIT GOES End of the Corsican Brotherhood

### A MAN OF THE VIOLENT BREED

Soon the Corsican brigand will be only a memory. The last of them, François Barnea, is in Ajaccio gaol. Black Shirt, Brown Shirt, we know not what colour he wore, but he was of the violent breed of all of them.

Nobody will regret the disappearance, though the Corsicans, who produced a Napoleon, rather liked the romantic flavour of these gentry, who were supposed, like the Mafia in Sicily, to favour the poor at the expense of the rich. But Barnea, a very complete ruffian, did his best to dispel the legend.

He was ready to shoot any who stood in his way, from postman to policeman, and, while levying ransom on rich tradesmen, he was not above taxing those who could least afford it. His expensive tastes demanded a large income. He and his last accomplice, Bartoli, who was shot, made £3000 a year by their methods.

### A Tame Surrender

Gangsters in America make more, but in Corsica this was enough to supply all Barnea's wants. It furnished him with the best champagne, the most efficient firearms, and expensive boots. At the last he elected not to die in them, but surrendered tamely to the police. At the last he staged a sort of death-bed repentance, asking priests to tell the police of his intention to retire, and entering the police station with humble tread.

He also asked for the indulgence of justice. Justice he may have, but the French, who for years past have been trying to clean up Corsica so as to make it a country fit for aeroplanes, are not likely to extend much clemency to a bandit so unfitted to deserve it.

## A SAD DAY FOR JACK RABBIT

### But the Beet Crop Was Saved

Pioneer Kansas farmers never cease to tell visitors tales of the year millions of grasshoppers descended on their fields in such swarms that they blotted out the Sun and stripped every green thing bare in 15 to 30 minutes.

One community of modern Kansas farmers has a new story to tell.

A short time ago a farmer at Garden City, Kansas, went out one morning to look over his sugar-beet field, only to see a huge pack of jack rabbits (long-legged prairie hares) hopping about.

Jack rabbits do not travel in packs under ordinary circumstances but these had grown starved since the buffalo grass of the prairies, which they are in the habit of feeding on, dried up. Hunger drove them together to seek food.

The farmer hurried into his house and telephoned for aid in driving the hungry jack rabbits away before they destroyed his sugar-beet crop.

In a short time a party of men armed with rifles, shotguns, and even machine-guns hurried into the beetfields of the district to make war on the invaders before the crop was devoured.

When the shooting was over the men gathered up more than 500 dead jack rabbits. It was sad for the rabbits but the sugar-beet crop was saved.

### THE BIRD IN THE TAR

An East Keswick motorist when motoring the other day swerved to avoid a bird in his track. It did not attempt to move, and, thinking it was injured, he stopped to see. The bird made no effort to fly away when picked up.

It was a young yellow-hammer stuck in the tar, unable to move.

## RUPERT BRITTAIN AND HIS FRIEND A Silver Medal For Rhodesia

### THE DOG IN A RING OF FIRE

The Ridgeback is a dog much esteemed in Rhodesia, not only for his capacity as a sporting dog, but as a house-guard.

His chief value as a domestic defender is that, although he is not an aggressive dog, he keeps strangers at a respectful distance. His name is derived from the fact that the hair along his spine grows the "wrong way" of the coat, giving a curious effect like a narrow saddle.

On a stone cross in a Rhodesian graveyard is set a small silver medal. The gallant youth who sleeps beneath it never set eyes on the medal, for he lost his life in winning it.

### Gave His Life For His Friend

He was Rupert Brittain, the proud possessor of a young Ridgeback, and he and the dog thought the world of each other. One day the dog, while out in the bush, became encircled by a grass fire which had apparently been started by natives. The dog, little more than a puppy, became terrified, for, encircled by a ring of flame and all alone, his plight was terrible. His young master, however, was determined not to lose his friend and dashed fearlessly through the flames and seized the dog, and then, tucking him under his coat, made his way once more through the ring of fire. The dog was practically unhurt, but Rupert was burned from head to foot.

As he fought for his dog's life so the brave youth afterwards fought for his own, but the odds were too great and he died a few weeks later. The Canine Defence League awarded him its coveted silver medal, which is given to those who have risked their lives to save a dog.

Only a dog, people will say, and shake their heads; but he was Rupert's friend, and Rupert Brittain was true British.

## LAMBETH'S BEST FRIEND Mr Frank Briant and His Clubs

One who led the life of an ideal neighbour has passed away in Lambeth, where he was born 70 years ago. He was Mr Frank Briant, who won fame as a member of Parliament, but was interested most of all in social matters.

It was in his native Lambeth that he lived his remarkable life, devoting it to saving men and boys from becoming wastrels or criminals, mending broken homes, and teaching rough lads to be sportsmen and Christians.

Some fifty years ago he took a Sunday class at the Lambeth Ragged School and, finding that the lads had no opportunities for recreation, he started a club for them. From this club has grown the Alford House Institute for Men and Boys, where for 40 years Frank Briant went daily to a little room open to all who were in trouble and needed sympathy or advice.

It is true to say that through him the lives of thousands have been changed, and he built up an organisation of supreme value in a very poor part of London.

One of his most delightful schemes was the annual holiday camp for youths which he established in conjunction with Lord Arnold at Deal, and where he went to help to strengthen his bonds of friendship with these working lads.

### GUNS AND PETROL

The oft-told story of the fatal gun that was not thought to be loaded is rivalled by that of the fatal use of petrol for cleaning purposes.

One boy has been killed through a companion pulling a trigger, and two women have just perished through foolishly using petrol in a small area near a kitchen boiler.

## NO ROOM FOR THE ELEPHANT

### SAD NEWS FROM CENTRAL AFRICA

Fifteen Hundred Doomed  
To Raid No More

### THE PEACE-LOVING GORILLA

In all Central Africa there seems to be no room for the elephant and the white man side by side.

There can be no doubt about the outcome. If the elephant becomes a nuisance, as the Game Warden of Uganda declares that certainly, he is, he will have to go. While the elephant lived on the land that was his own he might be allowed to flourish there, especially while his tusks were a prize for the elephant-hunter. But when he trampled the property of the white man, or even, with impartial appetite, the holdings of the native African whom the white man protects, it was time to cry a halt. The elephant must go.

### Unwelcome Neighbours

It is sad news, and all the sadder because only a short time ago we learned that the hitherto intractable African elephant was receiving the benefits of higher education in the Congo, and was learning to perform the laborious tasks of timber lifting, root grubbing, and even field cultivation, undertaken by his Indian cousin. But there is no avoiding the fact that elephants who wreck a banana plantation or a maize field, or destroy a village harvest in a night, are not welcome neighbours.

They have to be driven back to the wild, and there is nothing to persuade them but the gun. The Uganda Game Department treats them roughly if they raid native crops. About 1500 of them will raid no more.

### Last of African Wild Life

But there is a more curious fact behind these elephant raids and the strong measures taken to repel them. For years the necessity never arose. But now, by one of those inscrutable decrees of Nature, their numbers are increasing in spite of all efforts to lessen them. There are twice as many as a quarter of a century ago. One of the Uganda Game Rangers came on a herd of 600, and it is predicted that the elephant in Africa will outlive the lion, and be the last of African wild life to disappear.

Another tale may have to be told of the gorilla, whose numbers are told not by hundreds but by tens. They are such interesting creatures, and withal so peaceful, in spite of wild tales told about their ferocity, that steps are taken to preserve them in the Kayonsa Forest. There their numbers seem to have more than doubled since their preservation, but are still no more than 80.

### The Lion and the Gorilla

The Uganda Game Warden draws a pleasing picture of a troop of five, led by an old gorilla, silver-backed and magnificent, who continued quietly to feed till the white visitors, led by natives, came within ten paces of the tree where Father Gorilla swung among the branches. And he, with a kindly expression on a face framed by a shaggy fringe of hair, surveyed them without distaste.

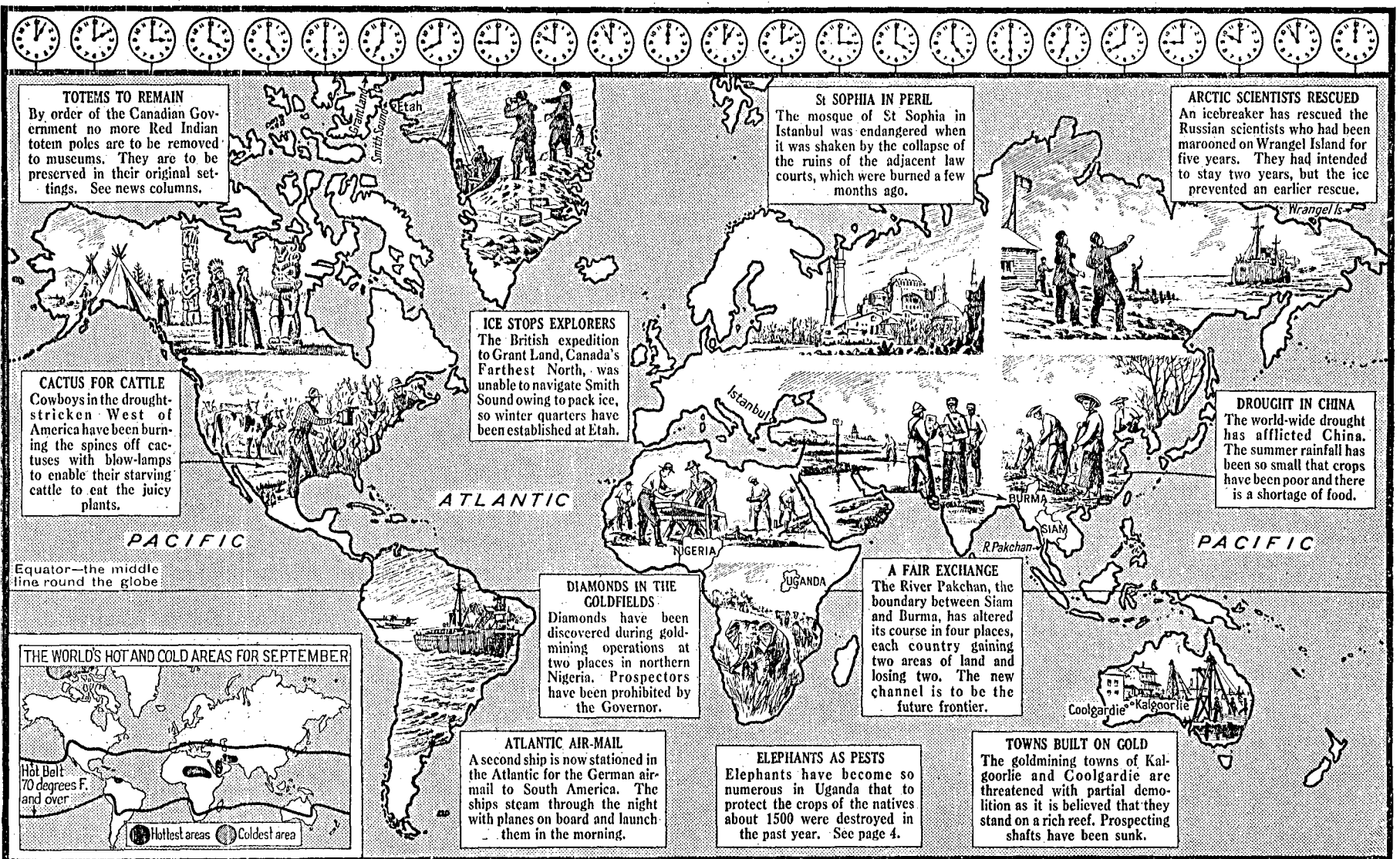
But if the gorilla has been maligned, there is little to be said for the lion, who continues to be a greater active danger to human life than the elephant.

Two Russian engineers have invented a pipe through which letters are projected at 620 m.p.h.

A defendant in a London motoring case drew a road plan on a £100 bank-note, the only piece of paper he had.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## P.M.G. AS ADVERTISER One More Bad Thing WHY MUST OUR STAMPS BE UGLY?

In the C.N. of September 1 we referred to the British Colour Council's book on colours, which differentiates 220 tints, some of them unknown on sea or land.

We wish the P.M.G. would buy a copy and study it, for we are at a loss to name the colour of his new three-halfpenny stamp. Is it red? No. Is it brown? No. Is it purple? Again No. It is an unpretty mixture reminding us of some particularly horrible machine-made building tiles we saw recently defacing the beauties of Surrey.

The design of the stamp remains the same, with its funny little squiggles and playful miniature monsters, evidently from Loch Ness.

The C.N. thinks it abominable that these stamps should go abroad to declare to the world at large our inability to produce a reasonably good postage-stamp. A well-designed stamp would be a fine advertisement of British goods.

## DEATH FROM THE AIR Already Upon Us

The increase in air casualties continues. Among many terrible stories of disaster we are sorry to note the death of a child at Jersey who was accidentally struck by an aeroplane which took off badly from the beach. This type of accident is becoming too frequent.

So we progress to that day, now not far distant, when a Minister of Transport will tell us that he really does not know how to reduce the big aeroplane death-roll, but is quite sure pedestrians should look above as well as around them.

Ten English schoolboys are making a three-months tour in East Africa.

## WHERE THE CARS GO ROUND

### Cash Value of a Quieter Street

To Guildford the new by-pass road has brought more than it has taken away.

It has taken away the motor traffic, which on some days of the year so congested the main street as to make it look and smell worse than a block in the Strand, and which on very many days was driving careful people who lived in the neighbourhood away.

Now that this thoroughfare has become more like a pleasant street of a country town again the countryside is returning to it to do its shopping in peace and comfort, and find the tea shops and the restaurants once more.

When an unwieldy stream of traffic clogged Guildford those who sat in the cars were merely impatient to get on. They seldom got out. The shops, so far from profiting, found their sales steadily going down. Now they are going up again, and shops, shoppers, and walkers are all rejoicing.

The moral is that one can never tell how valuable attempts to deal with the motor traffic of the road may prove. It was said that pedestrian crossings and zones of silence were fads that would be failures. Both have shown themselves to be blessings from which everybody gains. We hope the Minister of Transport will continue to produce further ideas of this kind.

## METAL TRADES AND WAR

At the International Metal Workers Congress held in London strong views were expressed on the devotion of the metal trades to armament manufacture.

On behalf of the British delegates Mr R. Dennison suggested that as soon as war seems likely a congress should be convened to prevent the manufacture of war goods. "We shall take into account," he said, "whether we will make arms for any nation under the Sun."

The members were agreed that private trade in arms is wrong.

## WAY DOWN IN TENNESSEE

### The Cotton Gins Are Humming

In Memphis, Tennessee, there is a row of funny old buildings facing on the Mississippi River since Civil War days. The Cotton Exchange housed in these buildings is the biggest inland cotton market in the world.

All summer the men who own and operate these musty old offices had lolled there, playing cards, smoking, and telling stories in the southern heat until one day in the middle of August a dray brought a 505-pound bale of cotton in and nearly three million bales are expected to pass through Memphis this year.

There is great rejoicing in Memphis cotton circles, for although the cotton crop of America, normally one-half of the world's supply, promises to be the smallest since 1896, it is predicted that Memphis may expect one of the best seasons it has ever had.

In Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama the Negroes are happy because there is work for them in the cotton-fields of those States. The Negroes of the other cotton States, where the drought has ruined much of the crop, are not singing as usual this year, for they do not know how they will get through the winter, but the cotton gins of Memphis are beginning to hum for joy.

## A SOVIET AIR DAY Jazz on the Way Down

In Russia, as elsewhere, air displays and air adventures are now playing an increasing part.

Russia holds the altitude record of 13 miles, made by two scientists who perished in performing the feat.

The other week a Soviet Air Day included many marvels, one of which was the descent by parachute of a jazz band of ten performers, who are said to have shown complete self-possession and musicianly skill in giving a performance as they came down to terra firma!

## THROUGH A GLASS CLEARLY

### A New Kind of Kinema Screen

Alice would find herself in Wonderland and the Looking-Glass at the same time if she were now to visit the news-theatre at Waterloo.

It is so small that the films, instead of being projected on a screen, are reflected on a mirror covering the whole space where the screen would ordinarily be, but set farther away against the back wall of the theatre.

The invention is due to an astronomer, Dr Innes, formerly of the Cape Observatory, and is completely successful in presenting the moving pictures without distortion, and clear and distinct.

The seats of spectators can be brought up a few feet away from the screen, but because the images are reflected they appear farther away than usual. The Waterloo Kinema is the first to adopt the new idea of Dr Innes.

## MUSEUM PIECES IN THE FORESTS

### Saving Them For the Future

The transplanting from forest to museum of those strangely-carved tree-trunks known as totem poles, sacred emblems of the natives of North America, must cease, the Canadian Government says. Totems still in the Red Indian villages are to remain where they are.

Every effort is to be made to preserve these grotesque evidences of primitive belief. They are to be cleaned, oiled, repaired, and repainted so as to withstand wind and weather for many more years. A hundred totems in British Columbia and Alaska are being treated in this way.

Some of the poles measure 70 feet from end to end. The tallest known is in Jasper, Alberta. It stands 65 feet above the ground, and has a nine-foot base underground.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 15 1934

## Minister For Good Things

WE like Mr Hore-Belisha, and we predict for him, as we have done before, a high place in the councils of the nation.

He is treading the surest path to fame, for we have seen such changes in the world that transport is vital to all of us. Every hour somebody is killed through selfishness on the roads, and we look to our Minister to end this tragedy. We believe he will save more life than any battle has cost.

He has started by teaching us a precious lesson—that there are other things than speed. He is teaching us how to walk, how to go about without disturbing other people. We hope he will teach the young spark on his motor-cycle. We hope he will teach us how to walk on the pavement as well as on the road, keeping left to face the danger. It would be one of the greatest services he could render us.

We hope he will be quick to seize the great idea which has been realised by many people: the danger of Ribbon Development on our arterial roads. He is giving us Quiet; let him guard our Beauty, the beauty of the loveliest countryside on Earth, by saving it from exploiters and the jerrybuilders.

We appoint him Minister for Good Things. He is one of the youngest men in the Government, and has the zest of a man with great ideas and a great faith in them. We admire his belief that politics are vital things and not talk. We like the new spirit he is infusing into Whitehall, and the new hope he has given to people who had begun to wonder if Parliament was dead and if government was becoming a dull business of trades and treaties, and the everlasting talk of war.

His great spirit must be a tonic to the Government, but it is the moral tonic we are thinking of, the fact that a young man has come among us to shout from the tops of Whitehall to this Age of Speed that there are other things, that life and everything in it is not to be sacrificed to the road hog, but that the people who love quiet and peace and beauty are entitled to those things and shall have them.

We advise Mr Hore-Belisha to stick to his post and his ideas, not to let himself be made anything else, Chancellor or Premier, but to stay where he is till he has saved 100 lives a week, and given us quiet, and driven the jerry-builder from our great highways. There is fame for him, and pride, and power; and on behalf of all the children growing up to love this land we thank him, and beg him to go forward.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Film Language

THERE is no end to the wonder of these Filmsters; they have always something new for us.

Now it is a new word, which we heard in one of the biggest cinemas in London, where the audience was shown something of interest to the whole *British-speaking* race!

What, we wonder, is the British language? It is to us a constant source of astonishment that this rich trade should have its English so often on a level with the English of the sign-painters and the shop-fronts.

## Sanctuary

WE hope to live to see every churchyard a garden, with no up-standing stones, and in the meantime we like the thing said by the Chancellor of the Diocese of London, when the Borough Council of Chelsea asked leave to turn an old churchyard into a children's playground.

The Chancellor said the suggested use of the burial-ground was greatly for the benefit of the community, and *might even be regarded as restoring to the precincts of the church something of their old attributes of sanctuary.*

In olden times a man was safe from his enemies if only he could reach the church and claim sanctuary; now safety and peace are the precious things proffered by the sanctuary of St Luke's, Chelsea.

## Training Cruelty

THE old and cruel fallacy that the singing of birds could be improved by blinding them with a hot needle is recalled by a case at Liverpool in which it was shown that some people think to improve the flight of homing pigeons by tying fireworks to them.

It was stated that two men tied a firework to a pigeon and released it, the bird flying frantically with the firework exploding behind it.

The men said it was a common practice among pigeon fanciers who trained birds. They were fined; and we may ask why they were not sent to prison.

## Understanding One Another

WE feel indebted to a newspaper correspondent who listened-in to German broadcasting and informs us that a play transmitted from Stuttgart depicted a German soldier of the Great War revisiting the front where he had fought and meeting a Frenchman bound on the same errand.

The two compare notes, and the play ends with mutual invitations to visit each other's home and the expression of the wish that such exchanges of visits might encourage better feeling and understanding between France and Germany.

We frankly rejoice that such a wireless message should come out of Nazi Germany.

## A Russian Smile

IT is impossible not to smile (yet it is a very joyless smile) at this joke made by Russians against Russians.

They tell how a crowd of terrified rabbits came to the Polish frontier and begged permission to cross it, "because the OGPU has ordered the arrest of all camels."

"But you are not camels," protested the Polish guard.

"Just you try to prove that to the OGPU!" replied the poor rabbits.

## What It Is All About

PERHAPS it would be a good idea, fantastic as it sounds, to muffle every telephone, stop every motor, and halt all activity for an hour some day, to give people a chance to ponder for a few minutes on what it is all about, why they are living, and what they really want. James Truslow Adams

## Tip-Cat

SOME people think they ought to travel for nothing. They can so long as they don't go anywhere.

A DANCE band is buying a gold saxophone. Let us hope silence will be golden.

WATER-LILY growing is a business in itself. Seems all right on the surface.

MINIATURE adding machines have come into the market. They have to be reckoned with.

Peter Puck  
Wants to know



If the omnibus  
book is for train  
reading

THEY have given Lord Nuffield a bicycle. Now he will be able to get about.

A GOOD waiter always asks if everything is all right. If not, he wants you to give him the tip.

NOR so many big men are born as there used to be, we are told. But they have time to grow.

MANY a working-man is a match for his employer. Especially when he strikes.

PHOTOGRAPHY offers good openings to girls. They are soon taken.

FROCKS with one sleeve are fashionable. Rather disarming.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

SEVENTEEN properties were secured by the National Trust last year.

PROFITS from a cookery book compiled by the women of West Wickham will help to build a new village hall.

## JUST AN IDEA

Every one of us has that little citadel within us which nobody can enter, the little touch of personality which makes us different from all the world.

## Which Side Are We On?

M. PIERRE DE LANUX played a game with himself the other day to see what sort of intellectual company he was keeping.

He began two lists, one of people for the League of Nations, the other of people against it.

In his first list were Woodrow Wilson, Lord Cecil, M. Briand, Herr Stresemann, Henri Bergson, Professor Einstein, Madame Curie.

On the other side were Lord Beaverbrook, Mr Hearst of America, the journalist Pertinax in Paris, Dr Goebbels, and General Asaki of Japan.

After regarding the two sets of names carefully M. de Lanux decided not to change sides.

The League of Nations, he warns us, will stand or fall according to the view the young people of the world take of it. He sends them this message:

"Look at the League with your own eyes. Criticise it as much as you please, *providing you know what you are talking about.* Don't accept a picture of the League as it is offered to you by other people. *Find out.*

Youth and the League should know each other and make use of each other, says he; but *beware of the people who will come between you!*

## Joy Wu

WHENEVER we meet the little Chinese girl who is staying in a Bloomsbury boarding-house we think of William Blake's poem

*I happy am,  
Joy is my name.*

Joy is actually the name of little Miss Wu. When she was born in China five years ago her mother insisted on giving her baby an English name in memory of the happy days she spent as a girl student at Oxford. A Chinese word meaning Little Bird was given to her as a second name.

And now Joy is staying in England, while her father is studying agriculture in European countries. She goes to school and is in danger of being spoiled, so popular is she with the mistresses and the children.

Nobody lives up to her name better than little Miss Wu. She is as gay as a bird and sings songs of her native land or chatters in Chinese from morning to night. In the evenings the people of the house often see a tiny figure crouching on the top of some luggage and looking in the shadow like a Chinese image. But it is no impassive Buddha, for Joy's little brown face breaks into smiles and her black eyes twinkle with friendliness.

## Rose Aylmer

Ah, what avails the sceptred race!  
Ah, what the form divine!  
What every virtue, every grace!  
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes

May weep, but never see,  
A night of memories and sighs  
I consecrate to thee.

Walter Savage Landor



September 15, 1934

The Children's Newspaper

7

## A MAN WHO WOULD GO ANYWHERE

### AUSTRALIA'S EXPLORING HERO

Long and Thrilling Life of  
Sir Edgeworth David

### TO THE ANTARCTIC WITH A TOOTHBRUSH

Friends of Sir Edgeworth David, who were many on both sides of the world, in Australia and at home, where he was born 76 years ago, used affectionately to say of him that he was always ready to go anywhere or do anything at a moment's notice.

He went on Shackleton's expedition to the Antarctic with no more equipment than a flannel shirt and a toothbrush. At the time he was Professor of Geology at Sydney University, and had volunteered to go to New Zealand with his friend Douglas Mawson to see him off. When Shackleton's ship was about to sail he said to Mawson: I wish I were coming with you; and to that someone replied: Why don't you? David sent one telegram to the university saying he was taking a year of absence, and another to his wife, and off he went.

#### His Greatest Adventure

It proved to be the greatest adventure of his adventurous life. With Mawson and McKie he undertook a sledge journey to locate the South Magnetic Pole. It proved a most dangerous journey, for, though the purpose was accomplished, both Mawson and McKie had very narrow escapes from death, and the whole party nearly perished of starvation.

It was part of the plan that when they had achieved their object they should make for a good point on the ice shores of the Ross Sea, where they would be picked up by Commander (now Admiral) Evans in the Nimrod.

#### Given Up For Lost

They were forced to take a line from the Magnetic Pole to a point on the shore where they were not expected. Evans, steaming along the shore with its great indented bays failed to find them at the spot where they should have been, and they were given up for lost.

Evans was in, what was to him, a desperate predicament. He could not bear to give them up without another effort, but the winter floe ice was collecting and threatening the safety of his ship. While he was off duty for a few hours of sleep his second-in-command took on his task of scanning the coastline from the bridge as the Nimrod steamed slowly back. Evans, returning, asked him if he was sure nothing had been missed.

#### Cooking Their Last Meal

The second-in-command hesitated a moment in replying, and Evans, taking all their lives into his hands, determined to steam back again for 50 miles. Almost at the very end of this returning journey the outlook man declared that he could see a sign of smoke on the shore. He was at first hardly believed, but it proved true. The explorers were almost at their last gasp, and were cooking their last meal when they were rescued. They had been travelling through that bitter Antarctic land for days on less than quarter rations, and when they were at last got on board the Nimrod they could hardly eat a meal for hours.

This was not the first of David's adventures, nor was it the last. In the war he joined the Australian Expeditionary Force, and while in France was appointed Mining Geologist. He took a chief share in the mining operations of the Messines Ridge; but a peculiar and characteristic share taken by him in the operations was that of

## A WEEK IN A CREVASSE

THE worst week anyone has endured since Time began can hardly have been much more terrible than the week which a mountaineer has just spent in a crevasse on Mont Blanc.

He is M. Guy Labour, and was returning from a climb when he slipped on the lower part of the Nantillons Glacier and fell into a crevasse 60 feet deep.

No bones were broken, and after a miserably cold night he tried to climb out, but his ice-axe had remained on the edge of the crevasse, and his attempts to cut steps without it were useless. He soon slid back.

He wrapped himself in the rope he had, to keep himself from lying on ice, and settled down to wait for help. Day after day went by. He had a little food

with him, and some tallow candles. He made what had been intended for a snack last four days.

At first he hoped for rescue, and indeed rescuers came. He shouted, but they could not hear the cry from the deep crevasse.

"Surely," he thought, "one party will see the ice-axe and guess where I am."

One dreadful day the melting ice carried the axe down to him, but he was now too weak to use it.

Still he would not despair, and fought against his weakness.

At last he heard a shout on the very edge of the crevasse, and whispered back. Someone had noticed a rope end, and he was saved—by the last rescue party sent out as a forlorn hope.

## WHAT CANNOT BE DONE

### NO NATION CAN KEEP ITSELF

The Error Behind the German  
Economic Dictator

### INNOCENCE OF FASCISM

Every land and every people in the world are dependent on the rest.

When Dr Schacht, the Economic Master of Germany, suggests that his country can be made self-supporting he only shows how a clever man can be misled by a phrase and mislead others. The truth is that no country can be self-supporting.

Take first the food supply. Before the war Germany had to import rye to supplement her home-grown wheat. During the war she starved because she had neither enough bread nor enough fats. She would go hungry, now and always, without imported food. So should we.

#### A Lesson From the War

We were on the verge of starvation in the later years of the war till America came to our aid with bacon fat. The Ministry of Food proved conclusively that we, even when rationed, could never be a self-supporting food country. Our beef would have to be replaced by veal, and mutton would slowly disappear. Italy, though living more than other countries on cereals, could not grow enough to live on. France could only just make ends meet.

But when the food supply of countries is regarded not only from the point of view of necessities, but of the additions to which all civilised people have become accustomed, the folly of the self-supporting idea becomes clearer. Beet sugar could be home grown; but cocoa, coffee, tea, pepper, and spices would disappear. The oils and fats for margarine and soap are not produced in northern countries.

#### The Case of Rubber

The case against self-support grows stronger when we consider such a universal need as rubber. Its force is not diminished by a survey of the supplies of wool and cotton. It is true that the chemists, who have produced artificial silk and have enlarged the substitution of paper for other fibrous materials, might produce artificial cotton and wool; but the day is far distant, and it has yet to be proved that the chemists can surpass Nature in cheapness or in quality.

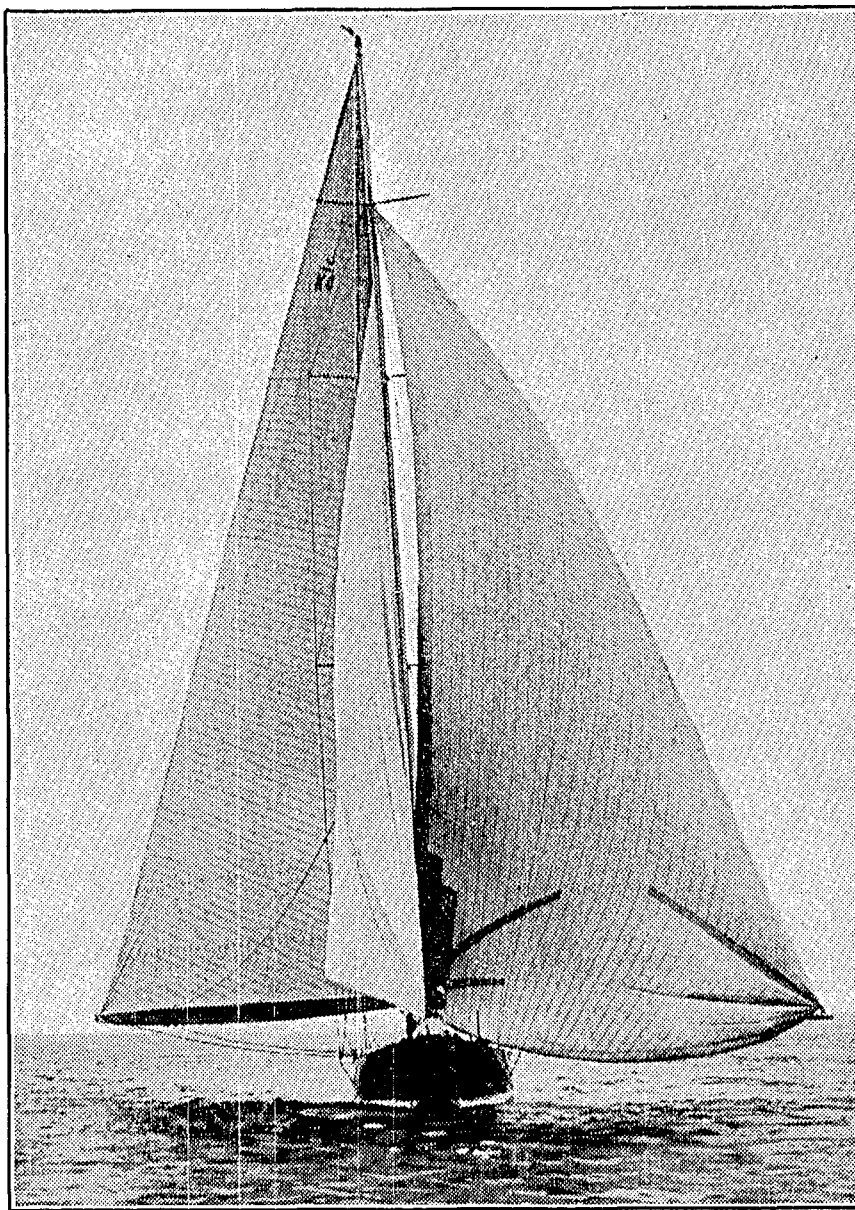
We have learned much in the last half-century of the power of the chemist. It is visible in every industry, from steel-making to the provision of artificial nitrates as fertilisers of Nature's crops no less than in the production of dyes and drugs, and the chemicals employed in manufactures of every kind, from pottery and glass to cement.

#### What the Chemist Cannot Do

But the chemist cannot do everything. He is an improver, not a producer. He cannot make metals. Not even a continental nation like the United States can produce all the metals it needs. For example, nine-tenths of the world's nickel comes from one district in Canada; Russia has the platinum; copper and tin are best found outside Europe; and oil, though it might be found anywhere, or wrung even in these islands from coal-shales, is obtained most cheaply in selected areas outside them.

That, finally, is the conclusive argument against self-sufficiency, even of the kind which tries to make out that the British Empire should shut itself up from the rest of the world and obtain all it wants from its own Dominions. It is in the direction not of self-sufficiency, but of mutual support, that the world will advance in prosperity, and, as we hope and believe, toward confidence and peace.

## CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP



This week-end the races for the America's Cup are due to begin off Rhode Island. The trophy, originally known as the Queen's Cup, has been held by U.S.A. since it was won by the yacht America more than eighty years ago. Our picture shows the challenger, Mr T. O. M. Sopwith's Endeavour, in full sail. See page 1.

Continued from the previous column

falling down a deep well, where he broke his leg. He was then 58. When his leg was mended he rejoined the Force and carried on.

After the war he returned to his professorship of geology in Australia, and there his lifework as a geologist was crowned by a most singular discovery. He found traces of life in fossils below the Cambrian strata of the Mount Lofty and Flinders ranges in South Australia.

The Cambrian rocks are the earliest of the water-borne strata in any part of the globe. They show many evidences of early life, among them the trilobite, the best known of all the creatures burrowing in the slime of ancient seas. The olenellus trilobite is the earliest of them all.

Below the Cambrian rocks are other shales and limestones, but these, though also sediments of primeval seas, rarely reveal signs of life, though the olenellus has been found here.

But in the limestone shales below the Cambrians of South Australia David found not only numerous examples of olenellus, but innumerable fossil remains of other kinds of animals, most of them well-preserved skeletons of animals allied to crayfish and sandworms.

The meaning of the discovery seemed to be that in this portion of the world there was an abundance of life of an advanced form at a time when the globe was hitherto believed to be barren of living things. It put back the date of the beginning of life on the Earth hundreds of millions of years.



## LIGHT FROM THE PIT

### ELECTRICITY FOR COAL

The Good Policy of Exchange  
No Robbery

### A BRIGHT AND CLEAN FUTURE

A future when all our British coalpits will be busy supplying the country with electricity has been foreshadowed by Professor Francis Baily to the engineers of the British Association.

At present we waste our coal, though (except by the domestic hearth) not so much as formerly. We now raise steam from coal once dumped at the pit-mouth as useless. We are still far from the point of using it all by generating electric power at the pit-head, but the electric grid system is bringing the profitable distribution of electricity from such sources nearer.

#### Problem of Distribution

The chief problem to be solved is that of distributing electricity through the grid and all its sub-stations from small collieries as well as large at less cost than the coal can be carried. If a distance of 40 miles is regarded as in the neighbourhood of the coalfields a map will show that most of Great Britain, from Montrose in Scotland to Bournemouth and Taunton, is within this distance.

If a new coalfield in Lincolnshire can be developed nearly all the country would be brought in, leaving only London, some seaports, and part of the South dependent on sea-borne coal, and only one-fifth of the population would be left outside the area. In ten years the grid will have so developed that the pit-head station will become more economical than the 70 or 80 power and light-producing stations now near the large towns. The new policy will be to absorb these stations gradually, linking them by the grid to pit-head electricity-producing stations.

#### The Domestic Consumer

The great economy effected would be that of using up on the spot the coal at present too poor to pay for transport. Professor Baily's Aberdeen address considered in detail the costs of transmission by the lines of the grid system from the big stations and the small, the savings effected by economy in using waste coal and by producing steam; and lastly he came to the consumer. At what price will he get his electricity?

The domestic consumer uses up 40 million tons of coal a year. If he is to use electricity for cooking, hot water, and heating generally it must be offered him at a halfpenny a unit, though even then the gas companies may supply something cheaper. The railways also will have to be persuaded and the metallurgical industries.

There is a bright and clean future when everyone, from manufacturers to householders, will turn on a switch for power and heat and light; but there is a great deal of planning yet to be done.

#### TAKING THE BISCUIT

The writer had an interesting experience with a thrush the other day. The bird, a fairly large specimen with a beautiful speckled breast, had appeared in the garden early in the summer, was very friendly, and would come close up to a summer-house to be fed regularly with biscuit and breadcrumbs at 7.30 each morning.

A few mornings ago its feeding-time was overlooked and the writer had started for his work, but had not gone far when he became conscious that a bird was flying close to him, making an agitated twittering noise.

He found it to be the thrush, which, having missed its breakfast, was thus reminding him! He found a biscuit, and all was well.

## The Shepherd Boy in the Abbey

### ONE OF THE HEROES OF ENGINEERING

A Busy Lifetime Spent in Making  
Great Highways, Canals, and Bridges

### HUNDRED YEARS OF THOMAS TELFORD, THE COLOSSUS OF ROADS

A HUNDRED years ago this September there was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey a great Scotsman who, perhaps, worked harder than any man of his time to lay the foundations of future wealth for these islands.

This man whom the nation loved and honoured was Thomas Telford, less known, perhaps, today than his great contemporary John McAdam, who gave us a new English word. Telford's story is one of the most inspiring.

No centenary could fall more appropriately, for today our roads, our bridges over the Thames, our docks and harbours and useful work for the unemployed, are the subjects most near to our thoughts, and Telford devoted his life to their perfection as well as to cutting great canals, so many of which, alas! have had their day.

#### Laughing Tam

Thomas Telford was the son of a shepherd in a tiny hamlet in the vale of the Esk. His father died when he was a baby, and almost as soon as he could walk he was a herdsboy for the sheep of neighbouring farmers. They called him Laughing Tam, so cheerful was this poor lad.

Occasionally he attended the parish school, where he learned to read, and the poetry of the bards soon awoke an echo in his heart. At 15 he was apprenticed to a mason at Langholm, and, encouraged by a lady who gave him the run of her few books, he started to write poems himself. Indeed, when Burns died a poem by Telford was found among his papers, begging him to write more verse in the spirit of The Cottar's Saturday Night.

His apprenticeship over, Telford found employment at Edinburgh, and at 25 became a hewer of the stones of Somerset House. By this time he knew how to draw, and made architectural sketches of many a building.

#### Never Worried About Money

Sir William Pulteney, who had met the young mason in Dumfriesshire, remembered him when, having married an heiress, he wished to extend Shrewsbury Castle. So Telford went to Shropshire, where his patron's influence secured him the office of Surveyor of Public Works for the county.

So well did he carry out his duties that the promoters of the Ellesmere Canal, which was to connect the Mersey and the Dee with the Severn, offered him the post of chief engineer. The salary was a mere trifle, but all his life Telford never worried about money; the job in hand was all he thought of.

The Ellesmere Canal presented two great engineering difficulties, for water had to be carried over two big valleys, that of the Dee at Pont Cysylltau and that of the Ceiriog at Chirk, the first a height of 120 feet for nearly 400 yards. Brindley had made an aqueduct in this country before, but Telford's task was more difficult, yet it was ingeniously surmounted. He carried the water across in huge troughs of iron.

#### Talk of All England

All England talked of it, and he was called to London to build a new London Bridge. His design of a single arch was at first accepted, but as it needed the pulling down of the buildings at the approaches a less original plan was proceeded with.

Telford was next called upon to reform communications in the land of his birth. At the beginning of last century Scotland had but a few military roads, and hardly a bridge. There were practically no harbours where Nelson's ships could seek shelter. The wild

coast of Caithness had to be negotiated by all boats sailing from the eastern to the western shores.

With the risk of Napoleon commanding the English Channel it was decided to cut a great waterway, and Telford was appointed as engineer for the Caledonian Canal. This work cost £1,000,000 and took 18 years to complete. At one end it rises 90 feet in eight miles, so Telford designed his Neptune Staircase of eight huge locks. In all there are 28 locks, each 160 feet long and 38 feet broad, on the 60 miles of waterway.

To the north and south of the canal Telford built 920 miles of good roads and threw 120 bridges across rivers, and designed harbours at Wick, Dundee, Aberdeen, Peterhead, Banff, and Leith. He had to train his own men, teach them to make and to handle tools, and over 3000 men were continuously at work. A working academy, he called it, and it produced skilled craftsmen.

#### The Miracle of Its Day

Thus did Telford open up the heart of his native land and bring to it a prosperity which made the industrial development of the 19th century possible.

Telford's next work was the building of the noble highway from London to Holyhead, making it leap the Menai Straits over a magnificent bridge. This bridge, 570 yards long and 100 feet above high tide, was the miracle of its day. It was on the new suspension principle, with 16 wrought-iron chains suspended from piers 550 feet high. To place these chains in position was so perilous an undertaking that Telford could not sleep for weeks, so anxious was he. A multitude came to see the successful raising of them, and when they went to congratulate the engineer it is recorded that they found him on his knees giving thanks to his Maker.

No wonder that this hero of engineering was beloved by all. With all his work he never ceased to read literature and discuss it with the best minds in the country.

Southey and Campbell were his intimates, and to both he left money.

#### A Helper of the Poor

His chief residence when in London was the Salopian Coffee House, and about the time he built himself a new house the coffee-house changed hands. The new proprietor was most indignant about his guest's approaching change of residence, and came to him with tears of indignation in his eyes, exclaiming: "What, leave the house? Why, sir, I have just paid £750 for you!"

Such was the personality of the Colossus of Roads, as Southey called him. He often worked without a fee, and was so generous in establishing free libraries and helping the poor in his native district that he died poor in comparison with the wealth he had created, working to the last on a drainage scheme for the Fen country and on docks and harbours in England.

The poor shepherd boy has monuments which we use and behold every day, often not knowing to whose industry and skill we owe them.

#### A VILLAGER'S £60

More than 150 years ago a benefactor left property to help the children of Hulwell, near Hitchen, to start in life.

At first the income was about £60 but now it has risen to £3000 a year, out of which almshouses and village halls have been built and endowed, and from which each year 20 children are granted a sum of money sufficient to enable them to enter into business.

## ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT CHANGES

### SHIPS OF THE SEA

What Has Happened To Them  
in Our Generation

### A SERIOUS MATTER FOR US ALL

It has often happened that nations have utterly failed to perceive the sources of their own greatness, or the dangers that threatened it.

When Imperial Venice was endangered some of her great ones took counsel with alchemists, who promised fairy gold, not realising that the wealth of Venice depended, not on gold, but on ships, and that ships would fail because sea routes were to change.

Our own greatness is built on ships and coal, and both these factors are now threatened. Our ships are menaced by the obsession of national feeling which regards imports (ship's cargoes) as harmful, and coal is menaced by oil; this menace extends also to shipping by cancelling outward coal cargoes, upon which many British shipowners so greatly depended.

#### Changes All Should Note

Lloyd's Register Book for 1935, just published, gives us a true view of all the world's ships. It records great changes, which everyone should note because they mean so much to us all.

When the war broke out twenty years ago the world had 45,400,000 gross tons of shipping, and of these nearly 19 millions were British. So our little island owned 41 per cent of the world's shipping. In June 1934 the world had 64,400,000 tons of shipping, and ours had fallen to 17,630,000, so that the British share has fallen to 27 per cent.

In passing, let us note that a shipping gross ton is not a measurement by weight, but by volume; it means 100 cubic feet of space in a merchant vessel.

The fall had begun before the war and the war's sad results have accentuated it. So we get this table of the British share of world ships: 1901, 50 per cent; 1914, 41; 1934, 27.

No one in the world expected this to happen. A fall from half to rather more than a fourth; the greater part of the fall in only twenty years!

In the same period, America, Japan, and Italy have all made great strides, and while our position has receded the world at large has added enormously to its tonnage.

Germany, however, now owns only half the tonnage she had in 1914.

#### Hitting the Coalminer

These facts help us to understand why the Government has decided to give special assistance to British tramp ships, but that assistance cannot atone for the loss of cargoes. The root of the trouble is that the nations are denying each other cargoes.

Lloyd's Register also shows us how our miners have suffered through the change from coal to oil for ship propulsion. In 1914 no less than 89 per cent of the world's ships burned coal under boilers; now the proportion using coal is less than 52. That is one big reason why so many miners are out of work. Also the change has robbed ships of cargoes, for much British coal used to go abroad to coaling stations, apart from ships loaded here.

#### DEARER TO LIVE

The many efforts made to make things dearer seem to be having some success.

On August 1 the average level of retail prices was 42 per cent above the level of July 1914, as compared with 41 per cent in June, and 39 last year.

This covers food, rent, clothing, fuel, and light as bought by a working-class family.

What 100 shillings would buy before the war began in 1914 now costs 142.

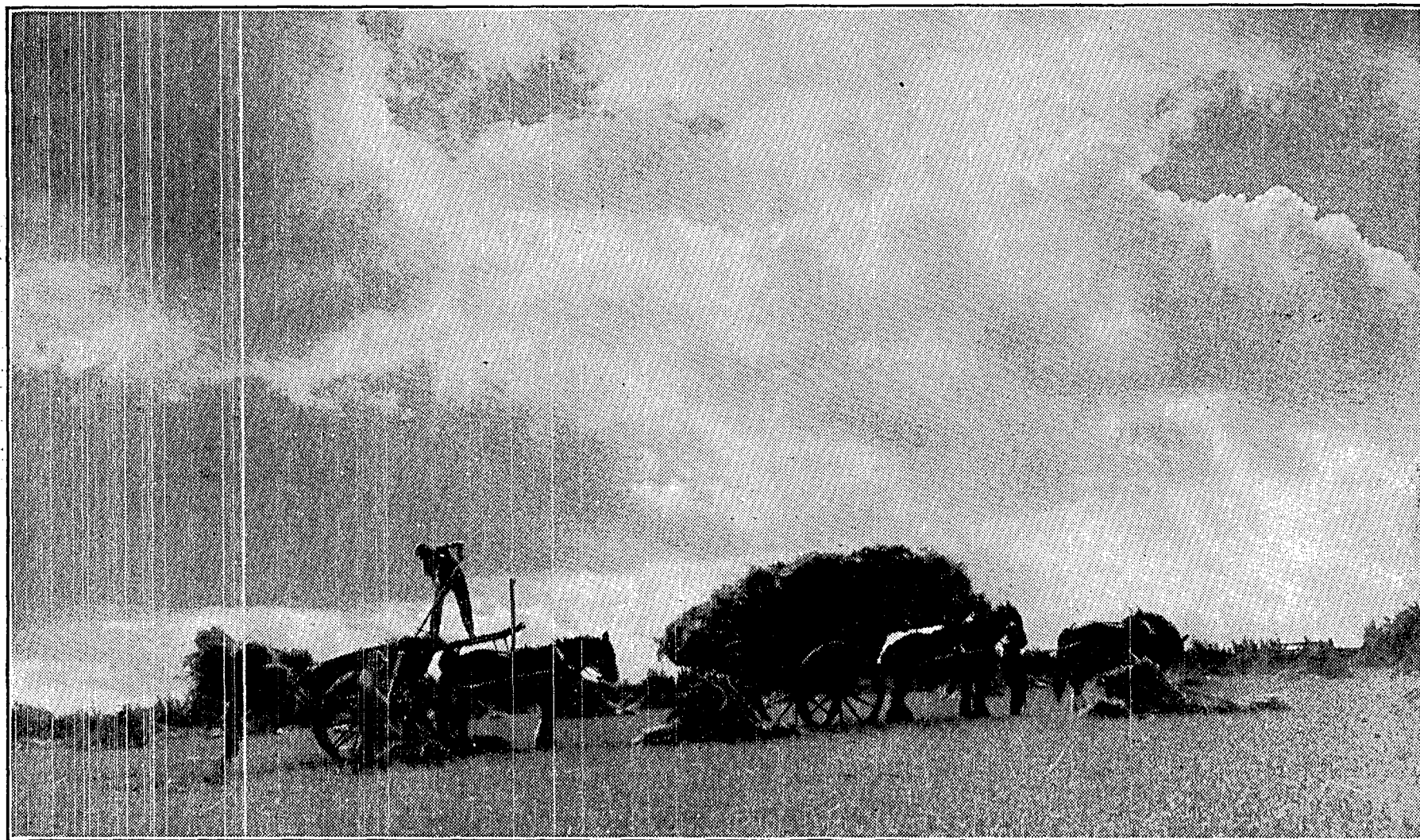


September 15, 1934

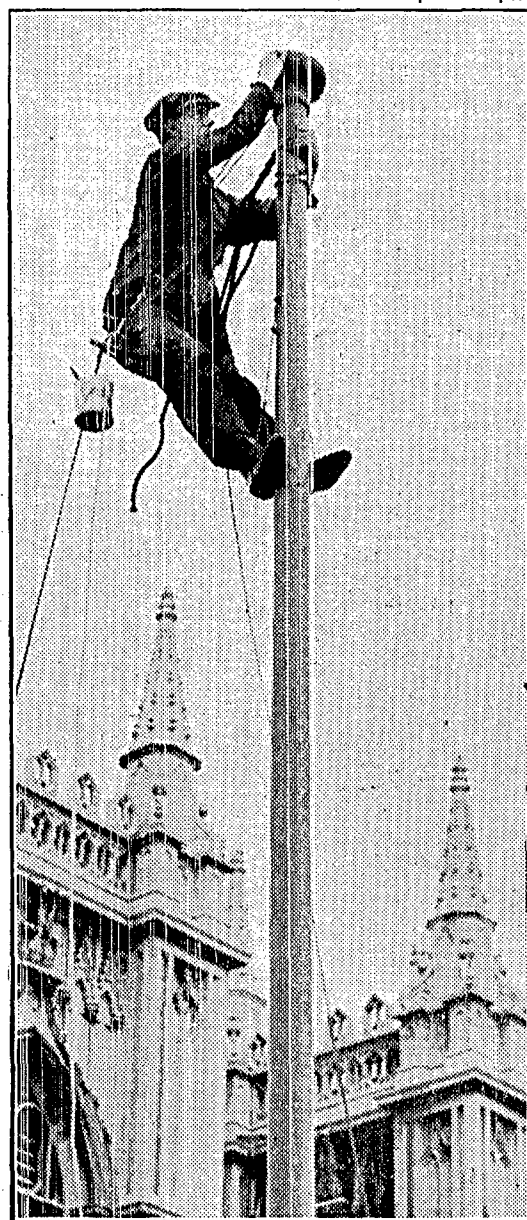
*The Children's Newspaper*

9

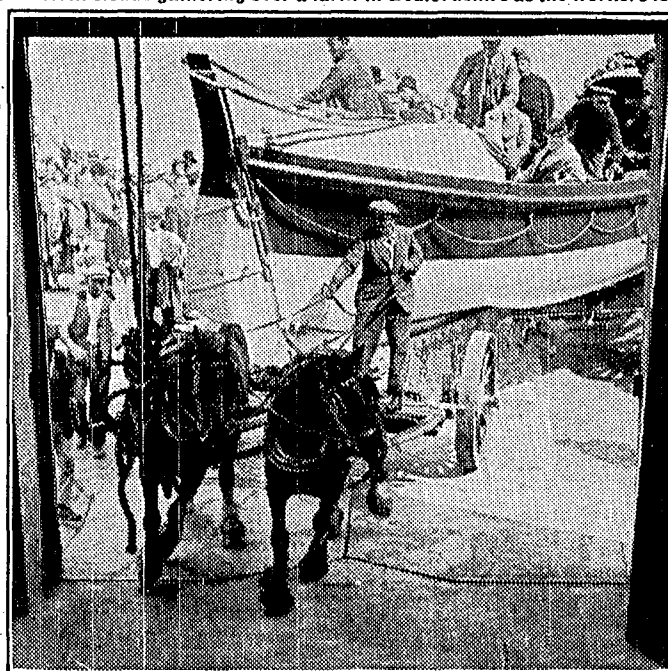
# A STORMY HARVEST · STEEPLEJACK'S GOOD TURN · OLD FIRE-ENGINE



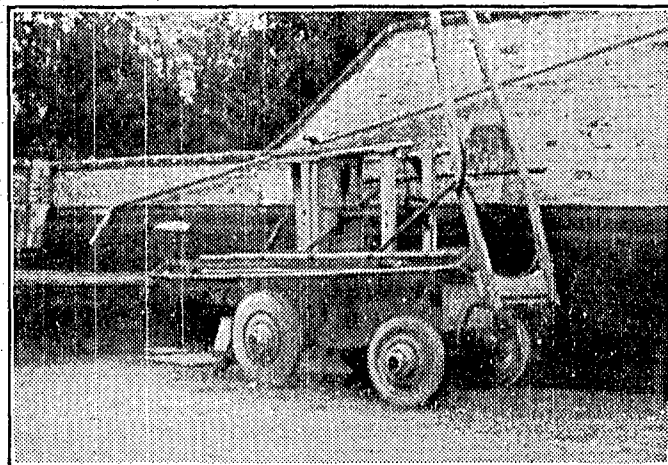
Harvest—An impressive picture of storm clouds gathering over a farm in Bedfordshire as the workers load up the wagons with sheaves.



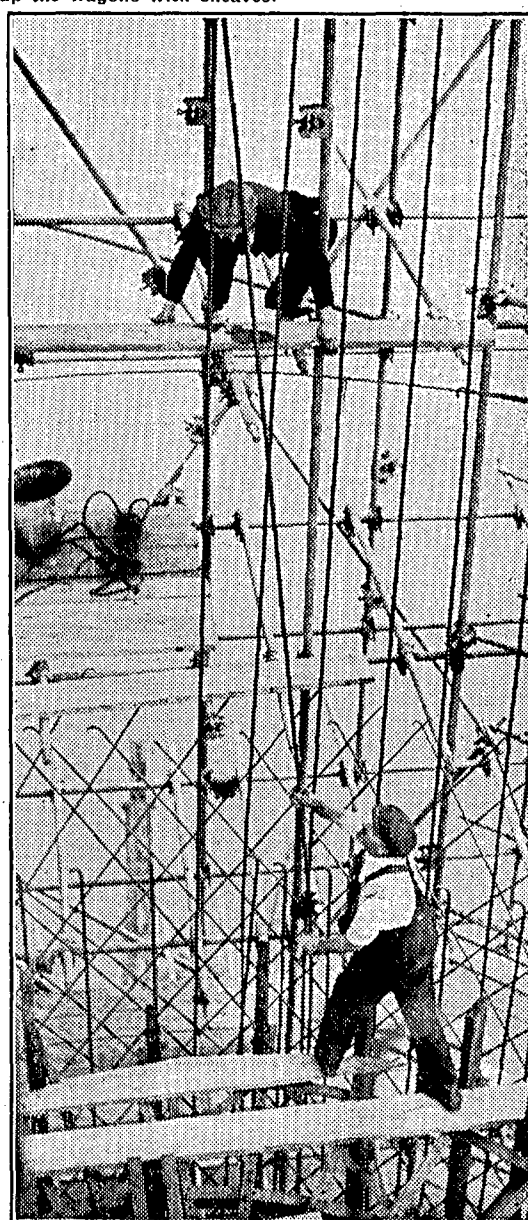
Steeplejack's Good Turn—Every year the flag-mast of Westminster Hospital is painted free of charge by Mr W. E. Mackney, a London steeplejack.



Lifeboat Horses—A pair of horses haul the Newquay lifeboat back to its station after a practice launch.



The Old Fire-Fighter—We have just come upon this old fire-engine at Brockdish rectory in Norfolk; its busy life began about the year Shakespeare died, 1616.



Steel Nerves—More than 250 feet above the Thames these men are working on the scaffolding of a new chimney for the Deptford power-station.



## NOT A JEW

THE TWO SIR JOHN  
SIMONSThe Renegade Englishman  
Who Started the Race Craze  
TOO MUCH NONSENSE

Sir John Simon is not a Jew, he has informed the world for some strange reason; but we may add that another famous Sir John Simon, also a famous lawyer, was a Jew—which shows once more the absurdity of this race question, and how different races may both add lustre to the same nation.

Truth is usually stranger than fiction, and remarkable indeed is the strange fact that Hitlerism found its false basis in the writings of a renegade Englishman now dead, Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Before the war he published a book on the Foundations of the Nineteenth Century in which he proved to his own satisfaction that Germany was the original and authentic fountain of European worth and that the world was to be regarded as Germany's oyster.

## Ridiculous Stories

Every great man of ancient times was in this book declared to be a German. From Homer, Alexander, and Caesar down to Leonardo, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Dante—all were transplanted Germans! Many ridiculous stories were advanced to explain how Germans strayed so far South, but no one ventured to explain why no great German appeared in the North while the South produced so many human wonders.

H. S. Chamberlain, although the son of a British admiral, gave up his nationality and became a German, and it is his theories that have become the foundation of Hitlerism, with its special hatred of Jews.

So it is that the German Jews, who added such glory to the German name, became objects of Nazi persecution.

## A Priceless Passage

The lengths to which this race mania has gone in Germany have just been illustrated by a claim that Our Lord Himself was not a Jew but a German! In a Nazi pamphlet just published appears this priceless passage:

*Jesus Christ had His origin in the heathen country of Galilee, whose inhabitants are believed to have been connected with a Gallic military colony which was settled by the Romans about 140 B.C. in the East of Palestine for purposes of protection against unruly neighbours. At that date a Gaul was practically equivalent to a German. Hence we can clearly see that Jesus had German blood in His veins.*

We should be on our guard against all this racial nonsense. Too much of it has been heard, both here and in America, for the good of the world or the cause of peace. The Nordic boast is a variant of the Nazi boast of being German.

## What American Books Tell Us

In America it was long ago made an excuse for a sort of Nazi terrorism, the ridiculous Ku Klux Klan, which rode roughshod over "inferior races" with its lynchings and burnings. Many American books are devoted to proving that the Nordics are a god-like race, destined to rule the world and to own everything worth owning. Europeans are declared to consist of three races:

1. Nordics, whose purest blood is found in Scandinavia and Germany; these are declared to have all the virtues.
2. Mediterraneans of the South, very unstable and inferior.
3. Alpines of Central and Eastern Europe, very lumpish and dull.

By this reading of Europe Numbers 2 and 3 must be mastered by Number 1. Hence the anxiety to explain away the

## ALL MEN ARE ALIKE

## In Praise of Savages

## WHAT THE OLD CHIEF SAID

It is appropriate that in the Centenary Year of the Emancipation of the Slave the American explorer, Mr Desmond Holdridge, should write in praise of savages.

Mr Holdridge is found agreeing with Dr Talcott Williams, another great traveller, that "at bottom all men are alike." We ought to hesitate before we utter such words as "He behaves like a savage."

It is written of the Amazon primitive peoples that they are not treacherous and not childish. They are not lazy or stupid or careless of the morrow. They love their families; have manners and traditions. They are "like ourselves."

## Painted Primitives

Mr Holdridge tells the story of a Brazilian half-caste who with his wife was captured by the naked Uaikas. A horde of these painted primitives is a terrifying sight, and their blood-red arrows are formidable weapons. Jayme da Costa gave himself up for lost, but he went unharmed. The Uaikas examined their captives in great detail, and amusingly came to the conclusion that they were quite human, "really people like themselves." That is the point of the story, and this is the speech made by an old Uaika chief:

*They are like us. They have to eat and sleep. This one is a man and this one a woman. They are our brother and our sister, different from all the other beasts of the forest. These people are afraid of us because they do not understand our language and we are afraid of them because we do not know what they say.*

*Let us give them presents and let them go; perhaps they will tell their kinsmen that we are not bad, and then maybe they will come up the river and trade those sharp knives and fine axes for bananas, because it is easy to see they do not get much to eat.*

## Back To Civilisation

So the dreaded Uaikas sent the couple back to civilisation.

"Perhaps," said Jayme, "Padre José is right when he says that all men are brothers, even the heathen."

Let us also take note of the extreme bravery of the native porters who recently perished with or survived the unfortunate German explorers who died with the Narga Parbat expedition. These humble folk were found not inferior in courage or devotion to the white men they served and did their best to save.

Continued from the previous column

many great Mediterranean Europeans who gave Europe its civilisation.

As Sir Arthur Keith, our greatest authority, has just pointed out, the terms Nordic, Alpine, and Mediterranean are "figments of the anthropological imagination."

There are in Europe not three but at least thirty races.

As for the Jewish race, it has produced so many great men in so many great nations that the Jew can afford to smile at his detractors, and we need not explain that we are not Jews or apologise if we are. Despite the Nazis, Christianity was founded by a Jew.

And let nothing we have said appear to reflect upon the German peoples, who differ among themselves so widely in both appearance and temperament. (Who, for example, could confound the dark, vivacious, and merry Bavarian with the pale, stolid Prussian?) We need protest only against those Germans whose false pride causes resentment against Germany herself.

We and all good Europeans desire to see Germany powerful and honoured in the world.

## ALL ABOUT BIRDS

Birthday presents are not easily chosen, but uncles and aunts will not hesitate when they see Mr W. S. Berridge's book All About Birds (Harrap, 7s 6d).

It is one of the best books about birds yet written, a worthy companion to All About Fish by the same author.

A world without birds would be as sad as a world without sunshine, says Mr Berridge. Our feathered friends are friends indeed to us, for they check the growth of innumerable harmful insects and grubs, and some are valuable scavengers. Vultures and adjutant storks prevent many pestilences in hot countries by eating refuse.

We read that at South Kensington is a rare fossil of a bird-reptile which has become doubly interesting since mankind has taken to wings, for it is one of the first birds, and proves that they originated from a reptile stock.

## Migration of Swallows

Each chapter of this delightful book contains a host of facts and anecdotes about the migration of birds, their courtship display, nest building, eggs, and the speed of their flight.

Swiss boys and girls take a great interest in the migration of swallows. As the passage over the Alps is the most difficult part of the journey from England to Africa the children are always on the look-out to succour distressed birds. They pick them up and carry them in baskets to the nearest station, and when the next train arrives they are given in charge of the guard. The train proceeds on its journey through the Simplon, and as soon as it arrives on the warmer side the lids of the baskets are opened and the birds fly away. The empty baskets are placed on a train returning to Switzerland and the children collect them ready for the next batch of exhausted birds.

## A Talk About Cuckoos

One of the best of Mr Berridge's chapters is a talk about cuckoos. It may not be usually known that there are about 160 kinds of cuckoo in the world, for only one is a regular visitor to the British Isles. Cuckoo eggs have been found in the nests of 68 different species of British birds.

The last chapter of the book is a sad one, for it tells us about extinct birds. About 16 dodos were brought to Europe after their discovery at Mauritius in the 16th century. In the reign of Charles the First a live dodo was exhibited in London. The roc, the mythical bird of the Arabian Nights, was probably not imaginary, but may have been the huge flightless bird known as the aepyornis. A native of Madagascar, it was a distant relation of the moa.

## A LEADER IN ZION

## Statue in the Promised Land

On the shore of Palestine, at Tel Aviv, the new Jewish city, a memorial is to be raised to Herzl, the Zionist leader.

Theodor Herzl was the founder of the movement for the establishment of a Jewish State in the Promised Land. From the publication of his first pamphlet till his death he never ceased his passionate pleading for it, and to him more than to any other the partial realisation of the dream is due.

On the uppermost platform of the memorial a huge statue of Herzl will stand, and, like the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbour, will welcome the homecoming Israelite. In large letters an inscription in Hebrew will convey Herzl's inspiring words to his people:

*Build up your State in such a way that strangers will feel at home with you.*

Ofttimes since the Jews sat by the waters of Babylon they have themselves been strangers in a strange land. The wise counsel of their leader in Zion is one which springs from the loneliness begot by their long centuries of wandering and isolation.

ISLIP IN THE NEWS  
AGAINTHE CONFESSOR'S  
VILLAGEKeeping Its Corner of England  
Neat and Tidy

## THE STREET GARDEN

Islip is in the news again, having sat for an examination in street gardens and in so doing set an example to Oxfordshire.

A charming stone-built village which climbs steeply from the banks of the Ray, Islip got into the news about 900 years ago through Edward the Confessor, whose father Ethelred had a palace there.

One day Edward made a deed of gift, handing over the village to Westminster Abbey. He put it very nicely: "I have given to Christ and St Peter at Westminster this small village where I was born, by name Githslepe." Not many villages have such a tradition, and Islip should certainly be proud of her history and her appearance.

## Beauty Culture

A lover of the village, Mrs Malcomson, thought Islip was not sufficiently mindful of her looks, and three years ago she started a competition in beauty culture, offering prizes for the best cottage fronts and gardens.

The village was rather amused, as most of the cottages are built with their doorsteps on the street, the only front gardens being the crevice between street and wall, where dust has lodged and grass seeded itself. Nevertheless the good work began.

Hearing that for the third time awards had been made, a friend of the C.N. went out to see what had happened, fearing that this prize-giving might have made Islip self-conscious, too much given to studying garden architecture.

## A General Tidying-Up

No such thing. The result has been a general tidying-up, an absence of litter, a great improvement in railed gardens and house fronts, pleasantly-coloured doors here and there, and tubs against grey walls. Most attractive of all are the tiny banks of flowers tucked in the sides of the streets where grass used to grow and in many cases still does.

One cottage had a flower-bed about six inches wide and six feet long, a radiant strip of lobelias and snapdragons in single file, lying at the foot of the house wall. Another had hollyhocks growing somehow in a crack of soil, nodding against the pane. They looked as if they were repeating softly to themselves:

*Won't you look out of your window,  
Mrs Gill? Said the fairy niddling-  
nodding in the garden.*

Close by the hollyhocks was a stout box like a sofa cushion, its roots obviously down among the stones.

## A Wandering Rock Garden

One householder had borrowed a useless corner of the road and turned it into a wandering rock garden. Another had taken and planted a strip from the grassy bank which climbs from the street to her walls and had edged it with miniature fencing, of the kind generally used for window-boxes in little old seaport towns.

This householder already possessed a garden which was borrowed from the idle, casual road generations ago, no doubt. The brave plot pushed out at the passer-by a wedge of colour on which sun and shade fell and made one think that flowers are never so lovely as in a stone-built town where the roads are stone colour too.

In time Islip will be one of the most attractive spots in Oxfordshire, provided she keeps an eye on the danger of becoming self-conscious.



## THE HARVEST MOON

### HOW IT WILL BLOT OUT A BRIGHT STAR

When We See a Sun That is Not There

#### A RARE OPPORTUNITY

By the C.N. Astronomer

When the "Harvest Moon" is passing through the grand constellation of Sagittarius on Monday, September 17, we shall, if the weather is fine, have the rare opportunity of seeing the Moon pass in front of one of its brightest stars. This is Sigma in Sagittarius.

It will be almost due south at the time of occultation, as it is called. By a fortunate circumstance the Moon will be only about nine days old, that is from New Moon and so five days from Full; she will therefore be gibbous, and the star will disappear behind the dark unseen edge of the lunar disc.

This will occur at about 7 minutes past 9, Summer Time, in the London and south-east area of England and very near this time elsewhere in the British Islands. Owing to the twilight, the low altitude, and the Moon's radiance, the star will not be readily perceptible for long before the occurrence; field-glasses will, however, greatly help, and Sigma may be seen soon after 8 o'clock to the left of the Moon at about her own width away.

During the next hour the Moon will approach the star, which will vanish suddenly at the position shown in the picture and some distance away from the bright edge of the Moon's face. This is due to Sigma having popped behind the dark night portion of the Moon.

Seen telescopically this is very impressive and much more value to astronomers than when the star comes right up to the Moon's bright edge; for the instant of disappearance may therefore be recorded with much greater accuracy. Thus occultations enable the most exact position of the Moon to be ascertained, and incidentally they prove that the Moon has no appreciable atmosphere. For, in addition to a change in the spectrum, or light of the star when analysed, which would be obvious if it passed through a lunar atmosphere just before occultation, the star would disappear later and reappear sooner than it should, after taking into account the time it should take in passing behind the Moon.

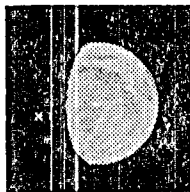
This is known to within a fraction of a second, so if the Moon had an atmosphere of appreciable density the star's light as it passed through it would be refracted, and the star would remain visible for awhile after it had actually passed behind the Moon's edge, or limb.

#### Bent Rays of Light

On the other hand, at reappearance the star would be seen before it had actually passed from behind the Moon. These differences would be greater in proportion to the amount of atmosphere present. Actually none is perceptible.

What happens is that the rays of light are bent in their passage through an obstructing atmospheric medium, and so much difference does the refraction of the Earth's atmosphere make in the position of celestial objects near the horizon that we see the Sun and Moon some three or four minutes before they have actually risen above the horizon and also after they have set below it.

The amount depends upon temperature, barometric pressure, and the angle at which the Sun or Moon is approaching the horizon; thus this refraction of our atmosphere lengthens the day by between 7 and 8 minutes, and when we see the globe of the setting Sun resting on the edge of the sea it has in reality just dropped below it. G. F. M.



The cross shows where the star will disappear

## THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

Passing of Wellington

SEPTEMBER 14

Here, from Tennyson's famous Funeral Ode to the Duke of Wellington, who died September 14, 1852, are a few lines that will echo down the ages while the land for which the great soldier strove and wrought retains its place among the nations.

His work is done.

But while the races of mankind endure

Let his great example stand

Colossal, seen of every land,

And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure,

Till in all lands and through all human story

The path of duty be the way to glory :  
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame

For many and many an age proclaim,

At civic revel and pomp and game,

And when the long-illuminated cities flame,

Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,

With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,

Eternal honour to his name.

#### THE NEW BO-PEEP

The new Bo-Peep is a tremendous improvement on the old one.

She, you will remember, was an inefficient shepherdess who lost her sheep. How she would have gaped at the shepherdess who competed with the shepherds at the Ceirog Valley dog trials at Oswestry the other day!

This new Bo-Peep broke the record by completing the course and penning her sheep in three minutes.

By bad luck, however, she only got fourth place, because she made one mistake through misunderstanding the rules, and so she missed the trophy.

She gave her dog the necessary orders by whistling, and the old saw has it that :

*A whistling maid or crowing hen  
Is good for neither beast nor men*

But the flock handled by this competent shepherdess proves that it is wrong.

#### BRIGHTER STREETS

Liverpool seems to have listened to Professor Reilly to some purpose when he pleaded for more colour in our streets and more colour in our housing schemes, as reported some time ago in the C.N.

The Corporation has built many brightly-hued flats, which are very popular, and is now busy colour-washing big blocks of cottages in the Prescott Road area with good yellows and pinks.

Colonies of new houses in the suburbs are finished with bright colours, and most of them have striped wooden shutters to the windows.

The respectable red brick and sober paint style of villa is out of favour round Liverpool, and everybody is taking notice of the cleverly-designed houses and flats built by the city authorities.

#### FLOUR FROM BANANAS

Farmers and millers may be surprised to learn that flour has been made from bananas.

Bananas needed for this purpose are selected when they are about three-quarters ripe and before the starch has been transformed into sugar.

The fruit is then shredded and allowed to dry in the sun, after which it is ground up into flour. The resulting product is said to be grey in colour, with a faint pinkish sheen.

There is hardly any taste about this flour; and only occasionally is there a banana aroma.

It is claimed to be very digestible, with a large percentage of Vitamin A content.

## THE GOLDEN SUMMER

A Good Time For Most of Us

#### HOTELS AND SHOPS ALL DOING WELL

Doctors say that their professional incomes are down 25 per cent since May, but they are almost the only class of people who have not benefited by the past amazing summer.

The hotels and boarding-houses of England are reckoned to have taken twenty million pounds more than the average of the past three summers. There are no statistics available as to the profits of the shops, but all have done well, especially those in the resorts, and if we say they have taken another twenty million in extra sales we shall be well under the mark.

Scotland has not had such a season for years. The holiday traffic was very nearly double that of 1932. Hotels at which we inquired put their takings at 70 per cent above that of the past three years. The only disappointing feature has been the fishing, but naturally a dry summer means a bad year for anglers.

#### Improvement in Health

The railways have done so well that the ordinary shares of several companies have doubled in value since last winter, while the boat-owners on the Thames, many of whom were almost bankrupt 12 months ago, are on their feet again.

Farming, which was in a desperate plight at the beginning of the year, has rounded the corner. Wheat is the best crop for seven years, and potatoes are not only plentiful but free from disease.

One of the greatest boons the marvellous weather has conferred on the country is the improvement in general health. The death-rate in London is six per cent below normal, and here alone this summer has saved 2000 lives. All over the country the sunshine, 20 per cent above normal, has given the people a chance to store up health against the cold winter days.

#### END OF A BRAVE CHAPTER

Raie da Costa Will Broadcast No More

A brave story has just come to an end. We shall never hear Miss Raie da Costa broadcast again. She has died at 28.

The world knows her as a pianist, but she began life as a dancer. In childhood she loved to dance, and her friends watching wished with Florizel that she might be a wave o' the sea and so dance for ever. But Pavlovas are not made without hard work. Raie da Costa worked hard for several years and won many awards.

Then, at the outset of her career, she slipped in her bath and injured her hip. She was ill for a long time, and the doctors said she would never dance again.

It was a bitter blow, but instead of taking it bitterly she began to build up a new career. She studied the piano under Mr Tobias Matthay, and at length was ready to appear on the concert platform as a brilliant performer. She made many gramophone records, and broadcast classical and syncopated music. Her courage and hard work were crowned with success, and she found fresh joy and a growing reputation as a composer.

Suddenly, while she was on holiday in a seaside town, she was taken ill again, and died.

She has given pleasure to thousands of listeners who little guessed her story. That story should give them courage to face their own disappointments and turn their own defeats into victory.



Your children's beverage

THE daily beverage for all children should be delicious 'Ovaltine.' They need the energy-creating nourishment it contains to make good the energy they are so prodigal in spending. They need the rich store of building material it supplies to ensure sturdy growth and to give them healthy bodies and sound nerves.

The cold and damp of the coming months will lower the children's vitality and reduce their natural powers of resistance to infectious illnesses and epidemics. Nothing can equal 'Ovaltine' for giving them strength and vigour and fortifying them against infection.

'Ovaltine' is scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs. Unlike imitations, 'Ovaltine' does not contain any Household Sugar to give it bulk and to reduce the cost. Nor does it contain Chocolate, or a large percentage of Cocoa. Quality always tells—insist on 'Ovaltine.'

# OVALTINE

Gives Energy and Robust Health

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland  
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin. P779



## ANXIOUS MOMENTS AT THE ZOO

### STAN AND DAN BOW TO BILL'S AUTHORITY

#### Llama and Ostrich Have To Be Separated

#### RANEE AND HER CUBS

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo now possesses quite a good team of sea-lions, two half-grown specimens known as Stan and Dan having made their appearance in the pond.

Bill, the "boss" of the Zoo's sea-lions, was not overjoyed to see the new arrivals, but fortunately, as Stan and Dan both had the sense to acknowledge Bill's authority and avoid annoying him, the meeting passed off without any unpleasantness.

#### Still Learning

Stan and Dan can easily be recognised because they are a lighter colour than their housemates and they always swim side by side. They were not used to catching fish in their mouths when they arrived, and are still learning to perform the tricks that make the Zoo's sea-lions so popular at meal-times.

The latest addition to the Zoo's collection of baby animals, a llama, has ruined a promising queer friendship.

To ease a Zoo housing problem a llama called Victoria and a rhea, or South American ostrich, called William were placed in the same paddock in the hope that they would agree together. The odd pair stared hard at one another, and then decided to be tolerant and keep to the opposite ends of the paddock.

After a few days, however, they became more sociable and by degrees grew friendly. For three weeks the companionship grew closer and closer, but then the llama had a baby, and the arrival of this youngster changed Victoria's attitude toward the rhea.

#### The End of a Friendship

At first William was anxious to show interest in the little newcomer, but when he approached Victoria's nursery he was driven away so furiously by the mother animal that he retired hurt to a far corner of the paddock.

Probably there would have been no more trouble if only the baby llama had not been attracted by the rhea. Being of a lively and inquisitive nature the young animal insisted on trying to approach William.

The worried mother llama, convinced that it was all William's fault, demonstrated against him, while he tried to avoid quarrels by running away. At last Victoria made such a vicious attack on the bird that William had to be removed to another enclosure.

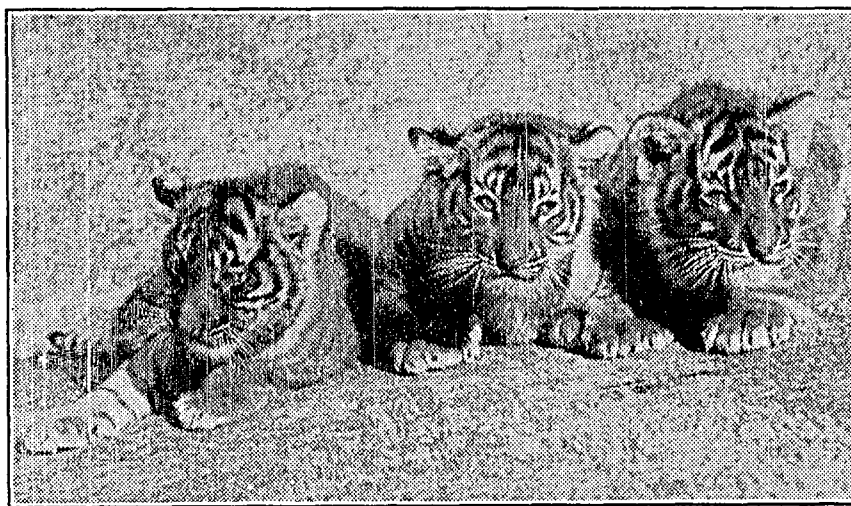
#### At Play Like Kittens

The three baby tigers born at Whipsnade early in July are now on view every day from 10.30 a.m. until 2 p.m. Until they were seven weeks old these youngsters were never seen, for the mother tigress—Ranee—made her nursery in an inner sleeping-den, and there she made her babies remain until she felt that their eyes were strong enough to stand the glare of bright sunshine.

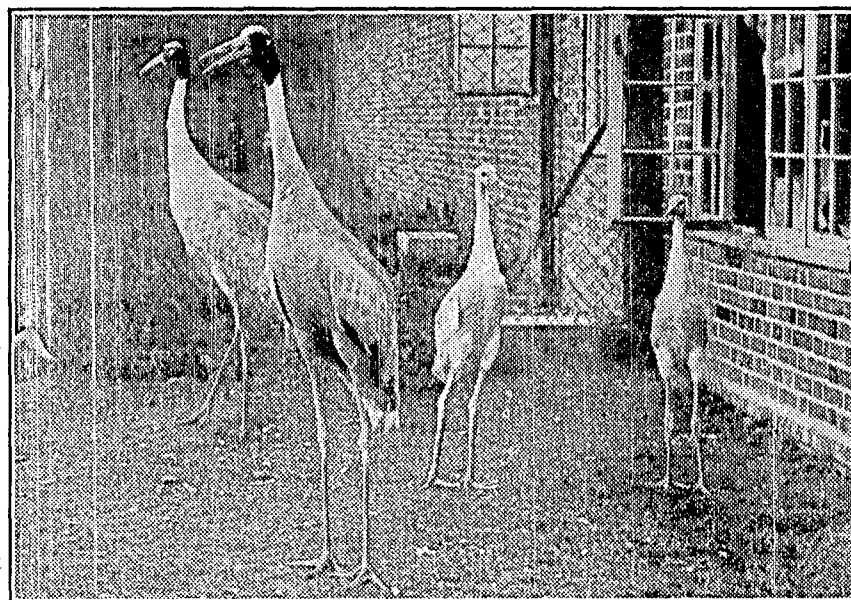
But one morning when she went into the pit for her daily exercise she began by prowling round carefully. Then, having made sure that it was safe, she returned to the entrance of the sleeping-den and called to the cubs to come out. She called three times, and at last the youngsters appeared in the doorway. For the next half-hour Ranee played with them close to the sleeping-den. Then she persuaded them to wander further afield, and they soon became thoroughly at home in the pit and began to play together just like domestic kittens.

Picture on this page

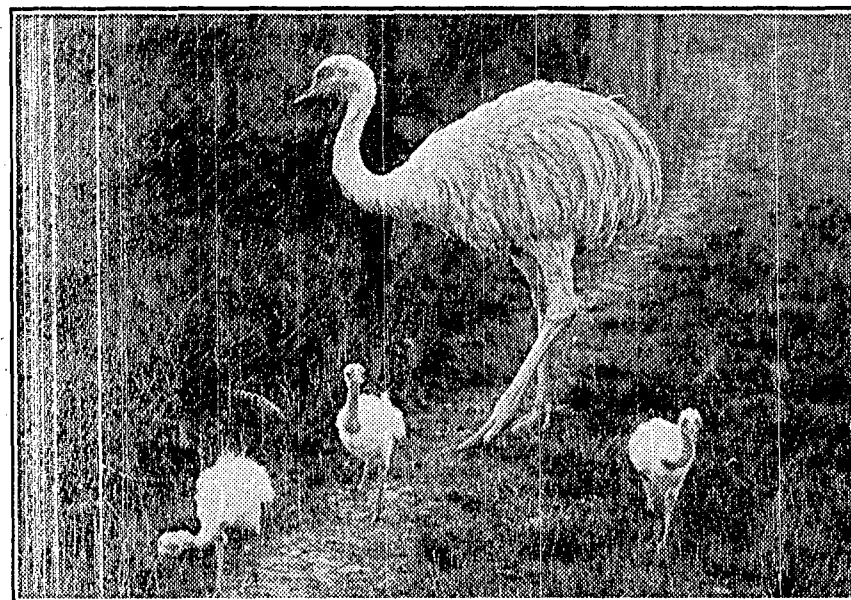
## THE BABIES OF WHIPSNADE



The three cubs of Ranee the tigress



Two little sarus cranes and their proud parents



White rhea chicks and their mother



The anoa and her baby make a meal of peanuts

## A CANDLE IN THE DARK

### LITTLE GROUP OF BRAVE GERMANS

#### Welcome Message of Peace in Troubled Days

#### "GOD IS GREAT AND SMALL"

Beautiful things have come out of Germany in the past and beautiful things, we believe, will come out of Germany again in the days to come.

Not many beautiful things are coming from that land just now, but we have had one. This is the Message from the little band of German Quakers to their fellow-members and friends overseas.

These German Quakers have been meeting at their Friends House at Pymont in Hanover, restored last year from the long-disused building which had been erected over a century ago for some of the last Quakers in Germany.

#### Feeding Starving Children

The first Friends, George Fox and William Penn, paid several visits to Germany 250 years ago, and a number of Germans became Quakers; but, largely owing to the Quaker belief in peace and their refusal to be soldiers, practically all the descendants of these early German Friends emigrated to America, and the society had died out.

But after the war English and American Quakers went into Germany as messengers of peace and reconciliation and fed thousands of starving German children. Many Germans were curious to know why their war-time enemies should do this thing, and some of them became so interested in the Quaker view of Christianity that they formed a German Society of Friends.

#### What an English Friend Said

This is part of a translation of the message which these German Quakers have just sent out after meeting in their old meeting-house:

We are realising now the truth of what an English Friend said when he spoke of our Yearly Meeting as a candle in the darkness.

Luther says God is so great that the whole Universe cannot embrace Him, and yet so small that the veriest blade of grass can contain Him all; and to us in these days it seems that God is so small that wherever men and women, be they few or be they many, are bitterly and fiercely engaged in the battle of responsibility, fraught as it is with suffering, hardship, and persecution, there He will enter their small hearts as Wisdom, Love, and Truth, as Peace and the Will to Peace. And yet at the same time so great is He that, as Wisdom and Love, Truth and Peace, He stands behind and transcends all the terrible forces and destinies before which all mankind is trembling.

We pray that to you, as to us, there may be granted something of that renewed assurance in the Wisdom and Truth, the Love and Peace, which are greater than all the powers of Earth.

It is not easy to live in the spirit of these words in the Germany of today, and this message comes from a valiant little Christian band.

#### ELECTRIC GROWERS

Every big flower show provides at least one new thrill for the gardener. Southport, the most wonderful show in the North, has one provided by the town's Electricity Department.

The electricians have perfected a self-regulating soil-heating cable which must be buried under cold frames, in a bed of sand, about six inches deep. This will take the place of manures as a forcing agent, for it will maintain a steady temperature of 50 to 70 degrees irrespective of the weather temperature.

It will be especially useful to big growers of tomatoes, marrows, and cucumbers.



## BOYS AND GIRLS WHO WORK 700,000 MORE CHILDREN INSURED

The New Provision For Those Who Leave School

### COMING SHORTAGE OF YOUNG PEOPLE

September 1 marked another red-letter day in the splendid history of British Social Insurance.

On that day 700,000 more boys and girls were brought into the scheme of Unemployment Insurance, for the New Act provides for the reduction of the insurable age of child workers from 16 to 14.

Let us think what this means. Nearly all the nation's children have to begin working for their living at 14, the school-leaving age. In the past there has been a gap in the insurance system. A child leaving school at 14 and failing to find work would not benefit under the Insurance Act until 16. Now as soon as the boy leaves school at 14 to seek work he is insured. So with working girls.

Suppose a child attends school after 14, as we hope an increasing number will do. In that case the child is credited with insurance contributions, so that he does not sacrifice his insurance by seeking more education.

#### An Important Provision

The Insurance Contribution for boys and girls under 16 is 4d a week, 2d paid by the employer and 2d by the child. In many cases employers pay the whole.

An important provision of the New Act is that educational authorities are compelled to establish classes for training unemployed children aged 14 to 18. Children may be compelled to attend the classes to fit them for work. Boys and girls who exhibit special ability get special training.

It is fortunate that the reduction of the Insurance Age to 14 comes at a time when trade is improving. A year or two back the addition of 700,000 children to the insured population would have swollen the unemployment returns to an enormous extent.

This year and in the near future many more children are reaching 14 owing to the temporarily increased birthrate after the war. Then will follow stagnation, as the succeeding rapid fall in the birthrate will reduce the numbers leaving school. After a few years industry will be complaining of a shortage of new young people.

## TURNING OFF THE SPARK Safety Device For Cars and Planes

An outbreak of fire so often follows a collision between cars, or an accident to aircraft, that a new safety switch to put out of action all spark-producing apparatus when a violent impact occurs is a real need.

This switch, invented by Captain H. M. Salmond and already fitted on some cars, has been tested on aircraft at South Farnborough, and the Air Ministry has given permission for it to be fitted to civil aircraft when some modifications have been made. It is important that the mechanism should only come into operation when an accident occurs.

The switch is worked by a powerful spring controlled by a pendulum. The movement of this pendulum is restricted during the normal movements of an aeroplane, even when it is stunting. When a violent impact occurs to the machine, however, the pendulum swings free and switches off all electric current, so that no spark can fire the petrol gas.

## UNCONQUERED PEAK

Don Munday and the Mystery Mountain

### A GREAT CLIMBER IN CANADA

Mount Mystery still lifts its unconquered head among the glaciers of Alaska. It has defeated Don Munday once more.

This indomitable climber among the difficult peaks of the Alaskan coast range has more than one conquest to his credit, including that of Mount Munday (11,000 feet), named after him and the highest peak but one of the Waddington group. Mount Mystery, properly called Mount Waddington (13,260 feet) is the highest.

Don Munday's failure to scale it was as gallant an effort as his success would have been, for the difficulties were tremendous. It comes at the end of an eight-years campaign.

#### From a Peak in Vancouver

When, on a clear day of 1926, he first sighted the mystery mountain from a peak in Vancouver, more than 80 miles away, the Waddington group was unknown. He set himself the task of making it known. He was accompanied by his wife. They had many successes and more adventures among the peaks and glaciers of this range along the Canadian coast.

Five years ago they climbed the peak second in height along a route chosen by Mrs Munday the year before. Their success inspired others to follow in their footsteps across the tremendous Franklin and Scimitar Glaciers, which are the outer redoubts of mountain peaks plated with crumbling ice and honeycombed snow liable at any hour to descend in avalanches.

Last year Mr and Mrs Munday reached the 10,000-foot level, but found every possible route up the northern face of the mountain so menaced night and day by falling ice that they did not attempt the final dash.

#### The Fate of Alec Dalglish

When this year they tried again they found themselves met by deluging rain and by gales that bore them back as they struggled along the moraine-covered ice. At the outset they met a party returning from the burial of poor Alec Dalglish, who fell last year while leading a party above Buckler Glacier.

Undeterred the party struggled on twenty miles up the Franklin Glacier. They climbed as far as the ridge five miles long from which the peaks rise, and climbed the second summit, nearly as high as the main peak.

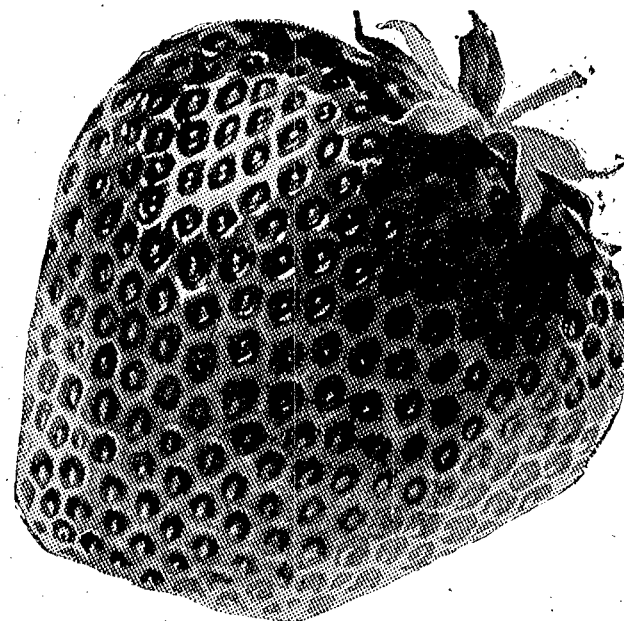
After long hesitation, however, they had sorrowfully to conclude that this year the highest point of all was unattainable. So Mount Mystery still keeps its name and fame. But we do not doubt that Don Munday will some day identify himself with both.

## A LOST FRIEND IN THE YORKSHIRE DALES

A Yorkshire dales farm is mourning the loss of one of a trio of exceedingly clever sheepdogs.

Their reputation for intelligence and skill in rounding-up large flocks of sheep was widespread throughout the district. Visitors to the farm were often entertained by the game of hide-and-seek they had been taught to play in the large farm kitchen.

The dogs would be taken outside while small pieces of bread were hidden about the people in the kitchen, in coat lapels, deep pockets, and farm leggings. Presently the dogs would be called in, and, after a few moments of sniffing around each one, went to the different places of hiding and invariably found all the titbits placed there.

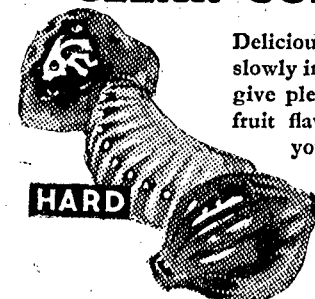


You can taste the fruit in Rowntree's

You know the real "Ripe-Straw-berries bobapound" that they sell in the street. Well, even those don't give such a good strawberry flavour as Rowntree's sweets. The flavour you get in Rowntree's is more like the flavour of strawberries that you pick yourself in an old English garden. You know—you slip under the net, move aside the leaves and straw and pick the ripest, fattest chap you can find.

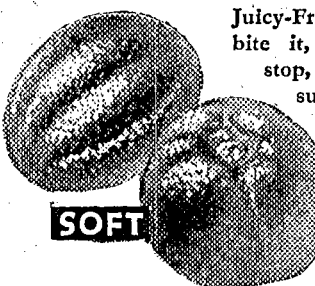
But, of course, it is simpler to go to a good sweet shop and say "Rowntree's please." You will get not only strawberry but all the other fruit flavours. Say whether you want the hard, soft or medium kind.

### CLEAR GUMS



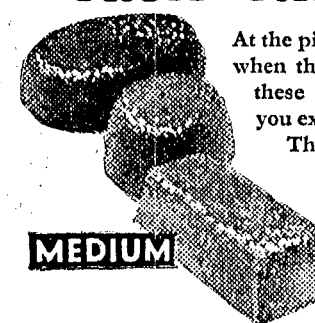
Delicious sweets that melt slowly in your mouth and give plenty of refreshing fruit flavour, not taking your attention from what you are doing—work or play.

### JUICY-FRUIT

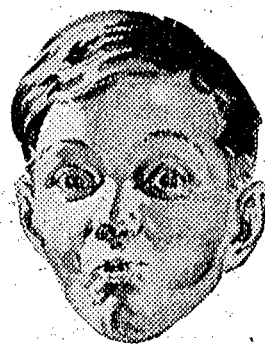


The first time you eat Juicy-Fruits you pick one, bite it, and then you stop, wondering how such a delicious flavour is possible. After that you do not stop to think—you simply eat!

### FRUIT PASTILLES



At the pictures, especially when there are dull bits, these sweets will keep you excellent company. They last in the mouth—but not too long.



SOLD LOOSE 6d. A QUARTER, AND IN PACKETS TO SUIT ALL POCKETS

## SPECIAL SAMPLER PACKET

For threepence you can buy a packet which contains sweets of all three kinds. Clear Gums, Juicy-Fruits and Fruit Pastilles—in all the different, delicious flavours. Buy one to-day.

3<sup>d</sup>



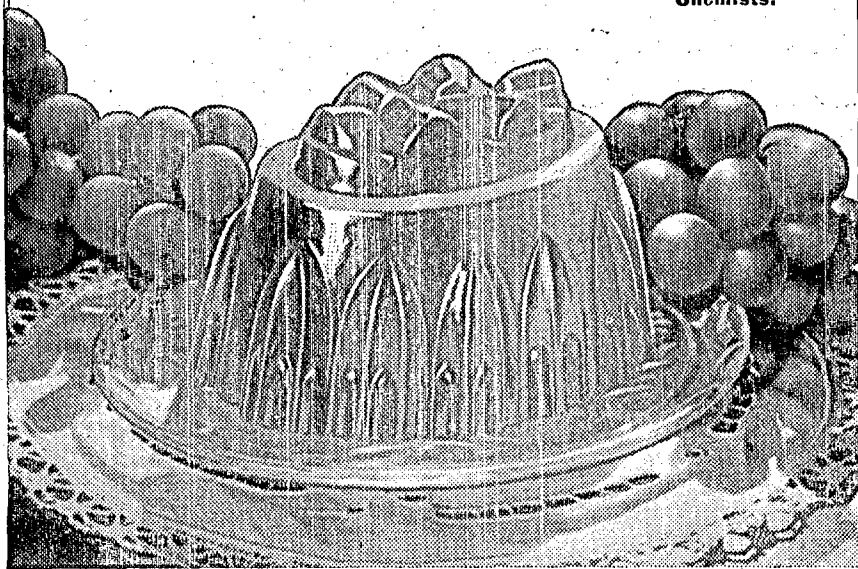
## A delicious Sweet for any occasion

The wise mother always keeps a packet or two of Wincarnis Wine Jelly in the house. Then she is never at a loss to produce at short notice a delicious sweet worthy of any occasion.

Children love Wincarnis Wine Jelly—and it's so good for them. Yet, because it is a *real* Wine Jelly made from the luscious black wine grapes of Sunny Spain, it pleases the most discriminating adult too. If you are offered substitutes, remember that Wincarnis has a bouquet and a subtlety of flavour which no "so-called" wine jelly can imitate.

# WINCARNIS

(NON-ALCOHOLIC) WINE JELLY 7ld. a packet at all good Grocers and Chemists.



## Eat More Hovis

and be fit to join in the Fun!

Hovis will keep you in fine form if you eat it every day

# HOVIS

Best Bakers Bake it

Macclesfield

## THE RED LIGHT A Mystery Story By John Mowbray

### What Has Happened Before

The disappearance of two boys from Bodlands is wrapped in mystery.

The affair is hushed up and the boys are forbidden to discuss it. But a good deal of speculation goes on concerning a boy named Liatt, who has been expelled for theft, and certain grim doings at Bodlands before it became a school.

Young Harbour tries to get something of its story out of Senex, the old stonebreaker.

### CHAPTER 13

#### Woods Where No Birds Sing

HARBOUR could not understand why the old man should look so disturbed by the fact that some of the stones of the Clavdieu's mansion had been employed over again in building the school. "But, Senex," he ventured, "it isn't unusual, is it, to put old stones into a new building?"

"Mebbe not," answered Senex.

"Senex, I just mentioned that as they'd used some of the former stone you might say that some of our school was a bit of the mansion; and you said that was true in a frightfully serious tone."

"Aye," Senex admitted.

"Well, what was your reason?" cried Harbour.

This seemed to stir the old stonebreaker. "Mark me, then!" he exclaimed. "Who laid those stones, laddie?"

"A Clavdieu laid them."

"Aye, descended from a black traitor, from that Farmer Sturge Clavdieu who gave his friend to the axe to possess himself of his estate. Would his work come to any good, think you, or bring any good?"

Harbour looked startled.

"Nay, naught that the Clavdieu handled ere came to good or brought them aught but calamity in its train. And I tell you," the strange old creature continued emphatically, "that if the builders had listened to me they'd have taken every stone that the Clavdieu laid and sunk it at the bottom of the ocean. They'd have finished the good work that the fire began."

He was trembling with excitement.

"Did you tell them that?" said Harbour.

"Nay, I didn't; they would only have laughed at me, laddie. For after all, what were the poor simpletons? Mere city folk! What do they know of the countryside and all the secrets the winds whisper under their breath? Ah, but I know." He hushed his voice.

He was muttering and murmuring.

"Hark now!" he said. "I know every yard of this manor. Man and boy I've known it; the folk come and go; I've seen 'em christened and married, and I've followed 'em on their last journey; there's none surviving today I haven't outlasted. So, listen now, and I'll ask you a simple question."

He turned and pointed his arm to the sombre line of the woods.

"Did you ever hear before of a wood where the birds won't sing, laddie?"

Harbour gave no reply.

"Nay, I lay you didn't," the old man said with a shudder. "But you'll hear no singing birds there. Have you set ears to the song of a bird around Bodlands?"

"But it's winter time," Harbour faltered. "Aye, and summer time'll come, but the singing birds won't come. And did you ever know of a stream without fish? You whip the streams about Bodlands and see if you find any! Nay, there's no fish here in the streams and no song of the birds. But there's fear. There's fear, aye, in plenty."

He stopped abruptly, to push his pipe into his pocket and pull his heavy goggles over his eyes again. "I'll ne'er be through before dark," he exclaimed in a fretful tone. *Tap! Tap!* He had taken a stone in the palm of his hand and was pecking away at it with his little short hammer. "Pesty things these be," he grumbled, "to fashion to cobbles."

But Harbour could not depart without one question more. "Senex, are there any of the Clavdieu's left?"

"Why?" the old man responded, after a moment.

"I was wondering," said Harbour, reflectively. "I heard people say that the young Sir Miles, who lost his life in the fire, was the very last of them all. He wasn't married, and he had no brothers or sisters?"

"Nay, none that I know of."

"Well, hadn't he any other sort of relations, or distant relations, somewhere?" Harbour persisted.

"He may a' done," said Senex. "That I can't say. There was none that showed up in Bodlands to my recollection."

"I see," said Harbour. "What became of the books in the mansion?"

"Every one was destroyed by the fire," said Senex.

"Oh! None was saved then, by any chance, and sold to old bookshops?"

"The library was in the wing that caught fire first. It was burned to a cinder. There wasn't any time to try saving books with human lives to be saved," the old man said scornfully.

"Whose lives? I thought young Sir Miles lived all by himself?"

"And so he did, but he kept up a mighty establishment. There was his steward and his manservants and his maid-servants and his grooms and his butler—"

"I see," Harbour said dryly.

But he came away with considerable food for thought, and then with thought of another fashion as he glanced at the sky and saw how rapidly its slate-grey was darkening. Unless he made haste he would be late for lock-up; with which uncomfortable reminder he broke into a trot, to discover that his grazed knee hurt. It kept him back; he couldn't run freely.

The call of a bell came floating across the fields.

So he put on a spurt, but as he rounded the corner he distinctly heard a clang, alas! too familiar. That would be Dendy, the porter, closing the big double gates at the end of the avenue. Harbour made a dash for the little gate at the side, but was caught and down went his name.

### CHAPTER 14

#### Crittall Suggests a Stroll

BEFORE Prep that evening he was standing in front of Deane, the Captain of East, who, after inquiring why he was out after lock-up, looked thoroughly upset on learning the reason. "So you were yarning with Senex!" Deane frowned. "Now, look here, young man. Mr Lakin won't have you fellows talking with Senex. That's got to be stopped. Senex is a cranky old reprobate. Have you chatted with him before?"

"No," said Harbour.

"Then let once be enough. And send Crittall in."

Harbour went; to find Crittall outside the door. Wondering what their paragon had been up to at last, he waited till Crittall came out. But it seemed that Deane had only wanted to know if he had seen some old book or other the Matron was supposed to have lost from her room. "She had it up to roll-call this afternoon, but now she can't find it anywhere, and she thought I might have seen it because when I took her papers just before lock-up she gave me an armful of old ones to carry away and the book might have got among them by mistake."

And after this explanation, delivered without drawing breath, Crittall looked at Harbour in a considering fashion, and then said shyly, "Would you care to come for a stroll with me on Saturday?"

"But," said Harbour, "there's footer on Saturday."

"What does that matter? Your bad knee won't let you play, and I never watch games. Do come for a walk with me," Crittall repeated, with pleading blue eyes. "Well, if I can get out of watching the footer I will."

"Fine!" cried Crittall excitedly. "We'll go to the woods and see if we can spot any signs of the primroses; they won't be so long before they begin to show now. You know they're always supposed to be early in these parts?"

"No, I didn't know," said Harbour. "When do the birds begin?"

"Begin what?"

"Begin singing."

"Oh, you sometimes hear blackbirds in January."

"Have you heard any yet yourself when you've been in the woods?"

"No," said Crittall, shaking his head. He reflected a moment. "No. I'm keen on birds," he said eagerly, "and at home I can generally show you where any bird builds. But now I come to think of it I've hardly spotted a bird about Bodlands at all. That's rum! Last September, I mean; I never heard birds singing."

"Yes, it is rum," Harbour assented, and stood looking at Crittall with some other words upon the tip of his tongue. But he kept them back, and went his way with a nod. And Crittall called after him, "Saturday! Directly after dinner!"

But as they were coming out from dinner on Saturday Mrs Verity summoned Harbour to see how his knee was. And after she had pronounced it going on very nicely it occurred to him to ask if her book had turned up.

Continued on the next page



"Oh, yes," she answered, "it was brought back by one of the boys, who had found it on the floor outside my hot-linen cupboard."

"Who was it?" said Harbour.  
"I forget now; oh, no, it was Gastalin." And thereupon she made haste, as Harbour could feel, to get rid of him.

So he hurried downstairs to find Crittall. But Crittall was not hanging about in the lobby. He had either grown tired of waiting or, in dread of being stopped to watch footer, he had steamed away to lurk by the gates, very likely. So, after glancing into the day-room and changer, Harbour was on the point of leaving the House when an agonised voice screeched his name, and up rushed Truman with his shadow, the more diffident Popcorn, behind him.

"I say, Harbour! Half a sec, please!" screamed Truman. "Where's Oslo?"

"Haven't the foggiest notion," said Harbour. "Whose House is he in?"

"He isn't in a House. I mean he's a wavelength—"

"No, a station," corrected Popcorn.

"Yes, he's a wireless station, Harbour. Every ass knows that."

"Then you ought to know where it is," said Harbour severely.

"Popplestone says it's in Turkey."

"I didn't," the Popcorn repudiated with scorn. "I said it might be in Turkey because its announcer talks Turkish."

"Yes, but isn't it really in Czechoslovakia, Harbour?"

"I think it's in Norway."

"There you are!" cried Truman, swinging round on his accomplice. "I told you all the time that it wasn't in Turkey. I told you the announcer was jawing Dutch."

"Norway and Holland are not quite the same," observed Harbour.

"I know they're not. Who ever said they were, Harbour. I only said—"

"Oh, never mind," shouted Harbour.

"What's all the fuss about?"

"It's our radio," murmured the Popcorn.

"I thought it was going strong?"

"It is!" Truman beamed. "Only, every jolly old time we get nothing but Oslo."

"Why don't you cut it off?"

"We can't," said the Popcorn despairingly. "I mean, it's always either Oslo or nothing. We're getting fed up with Oslo. What would you do, Harbour?"

Continued in the last column

## JACKO IN NO HURRY

ONE fine morning Mother Jacko said she would pack up a lunch basket and take Jacko and Baby down to the river for a picnic. To her surprise Father Jacko said he would go with them, and get an hour or two's fishing.

It took him a long time to get his things together, but they were ready at

"Perfect spot," grunted Father as he clambered out. "While I'm getting my tackle in order," he said to his wife, "you can be getting the lunch ready."

The lunch! Where was it?

"Coo!" shrieked Jacko. "We've left it behind. . . . But don't worry; I'll row back and fetch it."



They all shouted at the top of their voices

last, and off they went, Jacko bringing up the rear with the lunch.

It was a load he soon got tired of, for his father couldn't find a suitable spot to settle in.

"We ought to get higher up the river," he said. "Too many people about here. I'll see if I can get hold of a boat."

So Mother Jacko and the baby sat down and waited while the others went off. And presently back they came—in a smart little dinghy. "Jump in!" cried Father, enjoying himself every bit as much as Jacko.

Jacko did all the work. He rowed very well, and even Father was satisfied when he landed them in a quiet little breakwater by a peaceful meadow.

He set off at great speed. But he didn't hurry back. He was so long that the others began to wonder what had happened to him.

"Oh, look!" cried Baby, pointing down the river. "He's fishing."

The young rascal had rigged himself up a line and was in mid-stream, dangling it over the side.

But Mother Jacko had caught sight of something else. "The swan!" she cried. "It's after our lunch!"

They all shouted "Jacko!" at the top of their voices; but Jacko was so interested in his fishing that it was some time before they could get his attention.

And by then the greedy swan had helped itself to quite a substantial meal!

"You ungrateful pig, Pop," and Truman glared at his friend. "We have had Madrid."

"Yes, all last week," sorrowed Pop. "Nothing but Madrid would come on last week. We started learning Italian—"

"No, Spanish, you ass," glowered Truman.

"Oh, all right, Spanish! Harbour, we started learning Spanish last week to keep up with it, and now we'll have to chuck that and swot up Norwegian. I say, are you any good at Norwegian, Harbour?"

"Shut up! I left it turned on. It may start any minute."

And barely had this grim warning left Truman's lips than from somewhere or other a voice unmistakably foreign began to address the House in harsh, crackling accents.

At once the two proud constructors of the radio set stood entranced. Their passing cloud forgotten, they drew toward each other, Truman with his black nob cocked on one side and Popplestone with parted lips and wide eyes.

They signed to Harbour to keep still.

"It's a Talk," murmured Truman.

"No," said Popplestone. "I think it's an orchestra!"

"It isn't," said Harbour. "It's somebody having a tooth out," and dashed away to find Crittall.

But the paragon was nowhere about the buildings, so, deciding that he must have gone on ahead, Harbour raced down the avenue but stopped at the gates to ask the porter if Crittall had passed.

"He may have done," replied Dendy, a great hand at proverbs. "For one swallow doesn't make a summer," he added.

"No," said Harbour; "no, I suppose it does not. But I don't see where that comes in, if you don't mind," he added.

"Oh, I don't mind," rejoined the porter superbly. "There's as good proverbs in the sea as ever came out of it. And there's any amount of you gentlemen passed through the gates, so you'll find your friend on the road, I expect. Don't be late, sir."

"Not much!" grinned Harbour. "I don't want to be logged again!" And he left Dendy an irreverent wink to go on with.

For he was feeling in tremendous fettle today. He was going to have no end of a good time at Bodlands!

TO BE CONTINUED

The Weekly That Keeps You right Up-to-date!

BRIMFUL of all the most interesting things—fascinating facts and absorbing articles about Inventions, Aeroplanes, Motor Cars and Hobbies—thrilling fiction, adventure stories that will grip you every time and hold you spellbound. MODERN BOY is a clean healthy paper that you'll read and enjoy from cover to cover. If you don't have it regularly, give yourself a treat and buy a copy today.

# MODERN BOY

Every Saturday

On Sale at all Newsagents and Bookstalls 2d

Try the genuine **Wilkin's RED BOY** LIQUORICE ROLLS  
MADE ONLY BY WILKIN

16,000 holidays

for slum children will be provided, we hope, this year. Cost 2/- each. Their need is great. £2 pays for 20. Please send help to—

The Rev. PERCY INESON, Supt.,

**East End Mission,**  
Central Hall, Bromley St., Commercial Rd., Stepney, E.1

CAN A DOGFISH TAKE THE LEAD?

we don't know but

WE DO KNOW THAT Sharp's the word AND Sharp's the Toffee WE LIKE BEST OF ALL

E. SHARP & SONS LTD. MAIDSTONE.



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 15, 1934

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4

## THE BRAN TUB

### The Long and Short of It

SAID Binks over the fence to his next-door neighbour: "I've bought a plot of land in the country, and I'm going to have a cottage built on it, and plant fruit bushes and apple trees and a potato patch, and perhaps keep a few chickens."

"How big is the plot?" asked his neighbour.  
"If it had been 40 feet shorter it would have been square," replied Binks, "but if the width had been 120 feet less than it is the plot would have been twice as long as it was broad."

What were the dimensions of the plot?  
Answer next week

### A Giant Raft

MOST of the French colonies have issued interesting stamps at one time or another, and the one illustrated here comes from Gabon in West Africa.



and shows the trunks of giant trees being floated down the River Ogowe in the form of rafts. These rafts are so large that huts are built on them.

### Next Week in the Countryside

PREEWITS and goldfinches are collecting in flocks. The dotterel makes its autumnal passage. The song of the chiffchaff ceases. The golden-crested wren begins to sing again. Acorns are falling. The syringa and lime turn yellow. The horse-chestnut turns brown. The leaves of the wych elm and sycamore fall. The honeysuckle flowers a second time.

### Do You Know Me?

I AM a mighty power, but when reversed I am mere sport. If you behead me I am constant, but if you cut off my head and my tail you will find the mother of us all.

What am I? Answer next week

### Ici On Parle Français



Un étrier Le chardon Le clocher  
Stirrup Thistle Steeple

Elle a mis le pied dans l'étrier. Les ânes broutaient des chardons. Admirez la flèche de ce clocher.

## FIVE-MINUTE STORY

THE wind rattled the doors and windows of the old house, and as the door behind them banged the two boys looked round sharply. Jack Peters ran across the room and turned the handle.

"Locked!" he cried. "And the key's on the other side!"

They looked at each other in dismay, for the deserted manor house in which they were trapped stood far back from the road.

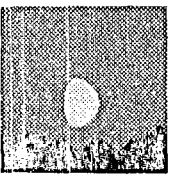
"We must get out," asserted Chris Fenton. "Our side can't win the cricket match without you."

Jack, the best bowler in Woodcombe School, looked gloomy.

"I wish we'd chosen some other day to explore this place," he muttered.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Jupiter is in the South-West, Saturn is in the South, and Uranus is in the South-East. In the morning Venus and Mars are in the East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on Tuesday, September 18.



### Finding the Direction

WHEN out rambling in the autumn it is useful to remember, if you should happen to lose your way, that the rosy side of an apple as it hangs on a tree faces South, because it is from that direction that the fruit gets most sun. It is also handy to bear in mind that mossy growths occur chiefly on the western sides of tree trunks.

### A Luminous Bottle

A BOTTLE that will glow in the dark after it has been exposed to daylight can be made with the bark of the horse-chestnut tree.

Scrape some fresh bark from a twig of the tree, taking care to get plenty of the white underpart. Put some of this into a small, clean bottle, pressing it down

rather firmly. Stand the bottle, with the cork out, in a strong light for a quarter of an hour. Then take it into a dark place, and the bottle will glow brightly. If the bottle is kept in a light place all day it will give out a blue light for hours when night comes. Keep the bottle corked when not in use to prevent the bark drying.

### What Am I?

NUMBER one is in funny but not in joke,  
Number two is in fire but not in smoke,  
Number three is in paddle but not in sea,  
Number four is in dinner but not in tea,  
Number five is in ladle but not in spoon,  
Number six is in early but not in soon,  
My whole you may hear when you go to a play,  
When you've guessed what my name is I want you to say.

Answer next week

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Rearranged Sum

£976,543 11s 10½d.

What Am I? Pass-age.

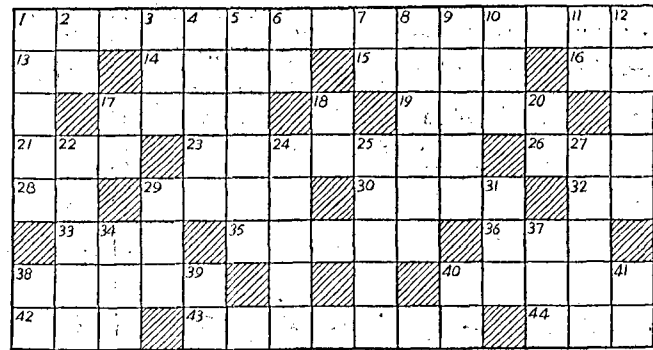
Hidden Weights and Measures

Peck, quart, quarter, stone, ton, pint, gill, ounce, gallon.

What Is It? Tomorrow.

## The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 49 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



**Reading Across.** 1. Said to be the thief of time. 13. You and me. 14. Useful in a boat. 15. Not coarse. 16. Negative. 17. Hideous giant of legend. 19. Article of clothing. 21. A mischievous child. 23. Supplied with power. 26. To possess. 28. Behold. 29. A desert dweller. 30. Employed. 32. Expresses likeness. 33. The present. 35. A person sanctified. 36. Forty-five inches in England. 38. One who fells trees. 40. To increase in size. 42. Yes. 43. One who clips sheep. 44. Distinguished Service Order.\*

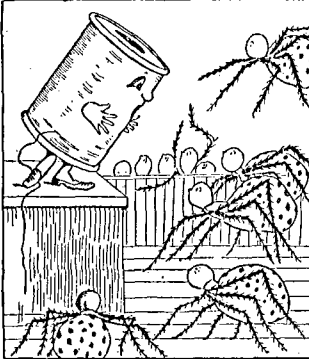
**Reading Down.** 1. Scholar. 2. Royal Society.\* 3. Tooth of a wheel. 4. Scarcely. 5. In Roman amphitheatres. 6. Steamships.\* 7. Supposing that. 8. Best. 9. Opposed to cathode. 10. Popular at five o'clock. 11. Above and touching. 12. Names of objects. 17. Out of print.\* 18. Able-bodied seaman.\* 20. In the direction of. 22. Cash. 24. To degrade. 25. Pertaining to the Moon. 27. Partitions. 29. Reverential fear. 31. Aqueous vapour deposited at night. 34. To be bound to pay. 37. Directed. 38. Exclamation. 39. Same as 2 down. 40. Southern Railway.\* 41. Look.

## Dr MERRYMAN

### Candid

THE manager was interviewing applicants for work.  
"Can you write shorthand?" he asked one young man.  
"Yes, sir," was the reply, "but it takes me longer."

### Speechless



AT a meeting of the spinners Reel of cotton took the chair; But when he rose to make a speech

Filled was he with despair. He started well—and then broke off,

His voice with fright grew hoarse, He'd lost, alas! through nervousness

The thread of his discourse.

### Not Much

A YOUTH about to leave college went to see the Head.

"I must thank you, sir," he said. "All I know I owe to you." "Pray don't mention such trifles," protested the Head.

### Tried

RASTUS was in trouble again.

"Cheer up, Rastus," said his friend Pete. "Don't forget dat adversity tries us and shows up our better qualities."

"Waal," protested Rastus, "it was a country judge who tried me and he showed up my very worst qualities."

### Jack For Short

THEY met on the pier.

"Hullo, Jackson. How are you?"

"Excuse me, but my name is Johnson."

"Same thing; I was merely being a little familiar."

### Better Without It

THEY were gazing with awe on Niagara Falls.

"I should just love to look at it for ever," said Betty. "Wouldn't you?"

"Rather not," replied her brother. "I should just hate to have a cataract always in my eye."

## THE LOCKED DOOR

"Got it!" he exclaimed.

"Straighten 'em out!"

Each clip, when unbent, provided a four-inch piece of stiff wire. Twisted together they made a twelve-inch length, with one end bent to form a hook. With a yell of triumph they dragged in the key, unlocked the door, and tore down the stairs.

They reached the school just in time to change for the inter-house cricket match, and the faces of the opposing side lengthened slightly when they found that Jack had turned up after all.

However, when Jack was carried shoulder high to the pavilion, after his brilliant bowling had won the match, the losers joined in the cheering as loudly as anyone.

## NOVELTY BARGAINS

FROM **ELLISDON & SON**  
125, HIGH HOLBORN,  
LONDON — W.C.1

## BOYS! THROW YOUR VOICE

Into a trunk, under the bed or anywhere. Lots of fun fooling teacher, policeman or friends



### THE VENTRILIST

A little instrument fits in the mouth, used with above for Bird Calls, etc. Anyone can use it. Never fails. A full course book on Ventriloquism together with the Ventriloquist all for 1s., plus postage 2d.

## LOOK AT THIS WONDERFUL!



NINTEEN Separate Articles in One. It is a double microscope for examining the wonders of Nature. It is also an Opera Glass, Stereoscope, Burning Lens, Reading Glass, Telescope, Compass, Pocket Mirror and Laryngoscope—for examining eye, ear, nose and throat. Postage 3d.

## MICROSCOPE Combined with FLOROSCOPE

There are few things so interesting as a Microscope. It enables you to minutely examine mineral, animal and vegetable specimens, to test cotton, wool, silk, seeds, water, flour, cheese, milk, and in fact nearly all articles of food. It is exceedingly interesting to examine the spores of Ferns, Soda, Sugar, Salt, Alum, and other crystals, the dust (scales) from moth and butterfly wings, human hairs, flies, insects, while the animalcules in water are a never failing source of wonder. This instrument is capable of magnifying 150 areas. Postage 3d.

## PERISCOPE SEE WITHOUT BEING SEEN!

Look over the heads of the tallest men in a crowd. See over a fence, around corners, etc. Lots of fun and amusement. Strongly made. Equipped with Mirrors, Sight-tube and Eye-piece. It measures 12 inches long and a little over 2 inches wide, and with ordinary eyes should last a lifetime. Postage 3d.

## SEEBACKROSCOPE

This instrument is made of hard rubber, beautifully finished. Holds itself in the eye as magnifying glasses used by jewellers, etc. Placed to the eye you can see what is taking place back of you and in front of you at the same time. No need to wish for eyes in the back of your head, as with this article you can observe all that occurs behind you without turning your head. You can have lots of fun with this instrument. Postage 3d.

## POWERFUL BINOCULARS

We are able to make a special concession price for these Binoculars as we are direct importers and definitely save you the Wholesale price. They are strongly made, optically dependable and pleasing in appearance. Jointed bars provide for interocular adjustment. Universal focussing by means of thumb screw. The lenses give good vision, undistorted and free from colour. For Camping, Fishing, and outings of all kinds they are a wonderful convenience. Postage 3d.

## ACTOR'S MAKE-UP OUTFIT

Materials exactly the same as used by Film Stars. Contains everything you want — Cream, Paint, Nose Putty, Burnt Orange Cream, Spirit Gum, Lines, Hair, Moustache, etc. **WARRANTED PERFECTLY HARMLESS TO THE SKIN.** Price 6d., 1/-, 2/6, 5/-. 7/6. Postage 3d. and 6d.

## THE KNIFE THAT BITES!

Here's One Every Boy Needs. It's an all-round practical tool. Contains ever-sharp forged steel blade, tin opener, corkscrew, screwdriver, glass cutter, punch, and reamer blade, and has a chain ring. You'll be reaching for it a dozen times a day.

## JUMPING BEAN

One of Nature's greatest curiosities. They wriggle, move, jump, flop over, etc. You can have hours of fun with these strange freaks of nature. Postage 2d.

## DANCING SKELETON

A figure of a skeleton 14 inches high. Dances and performs various gyrations at your will. Post 2d.

Remit by postal-order or English stamps, not coins. **OVERSEAS ORDERS:** Remit by International Money Order. Write your name and address plainly.

**ELLISDON & SON (C.N.)**  
125, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.1.